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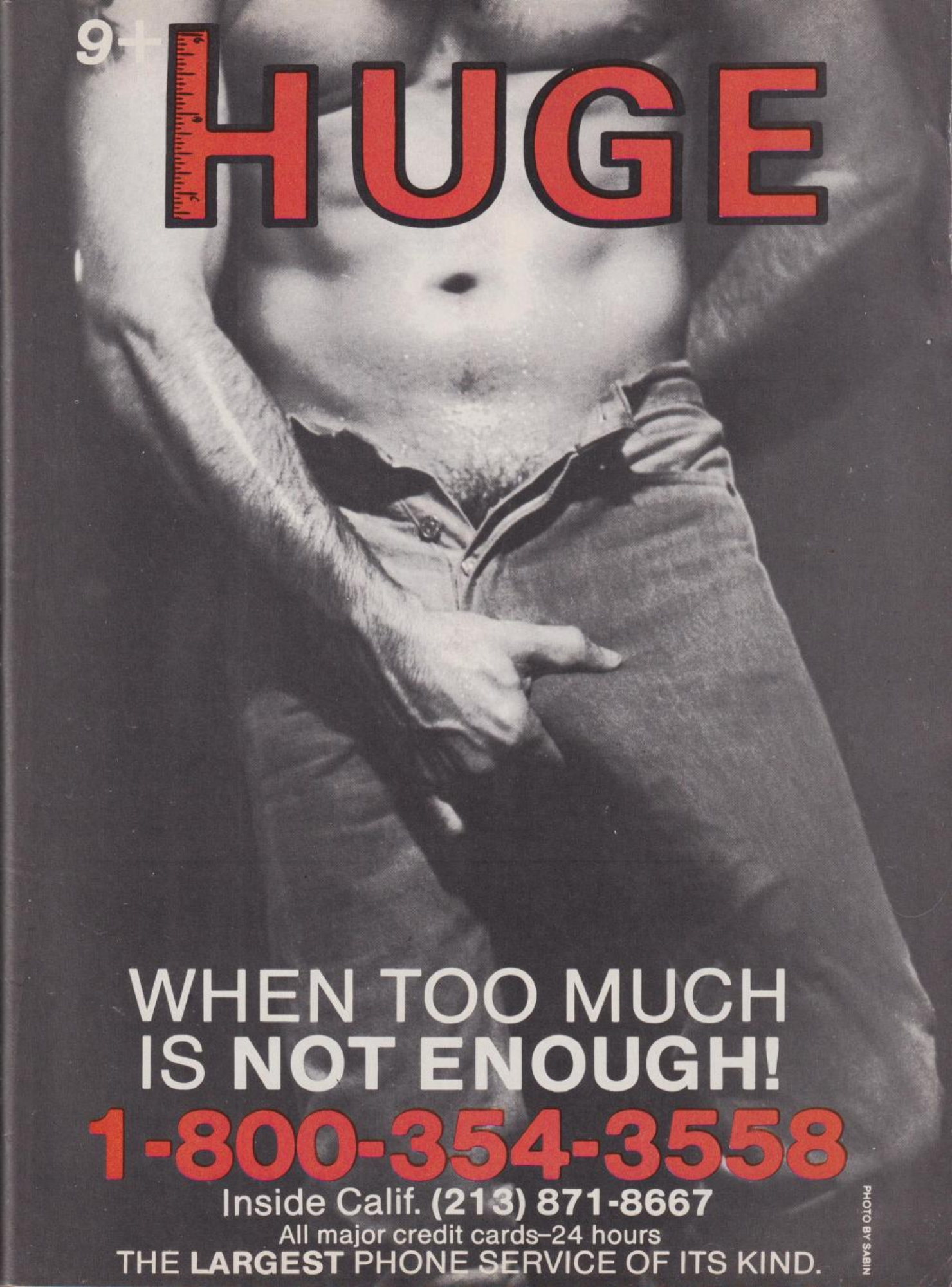
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HONCHO

DECEMBER 1986
VOLUME 9 • NUMBER 9

COVER BY: KRISTEN BJORN

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STAFF

PUBLISHER/GEORGE MAVETY

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT/JOE GRECO
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ADVERTISING/DON BEAVERS
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WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA 90046
(213) 650-3994

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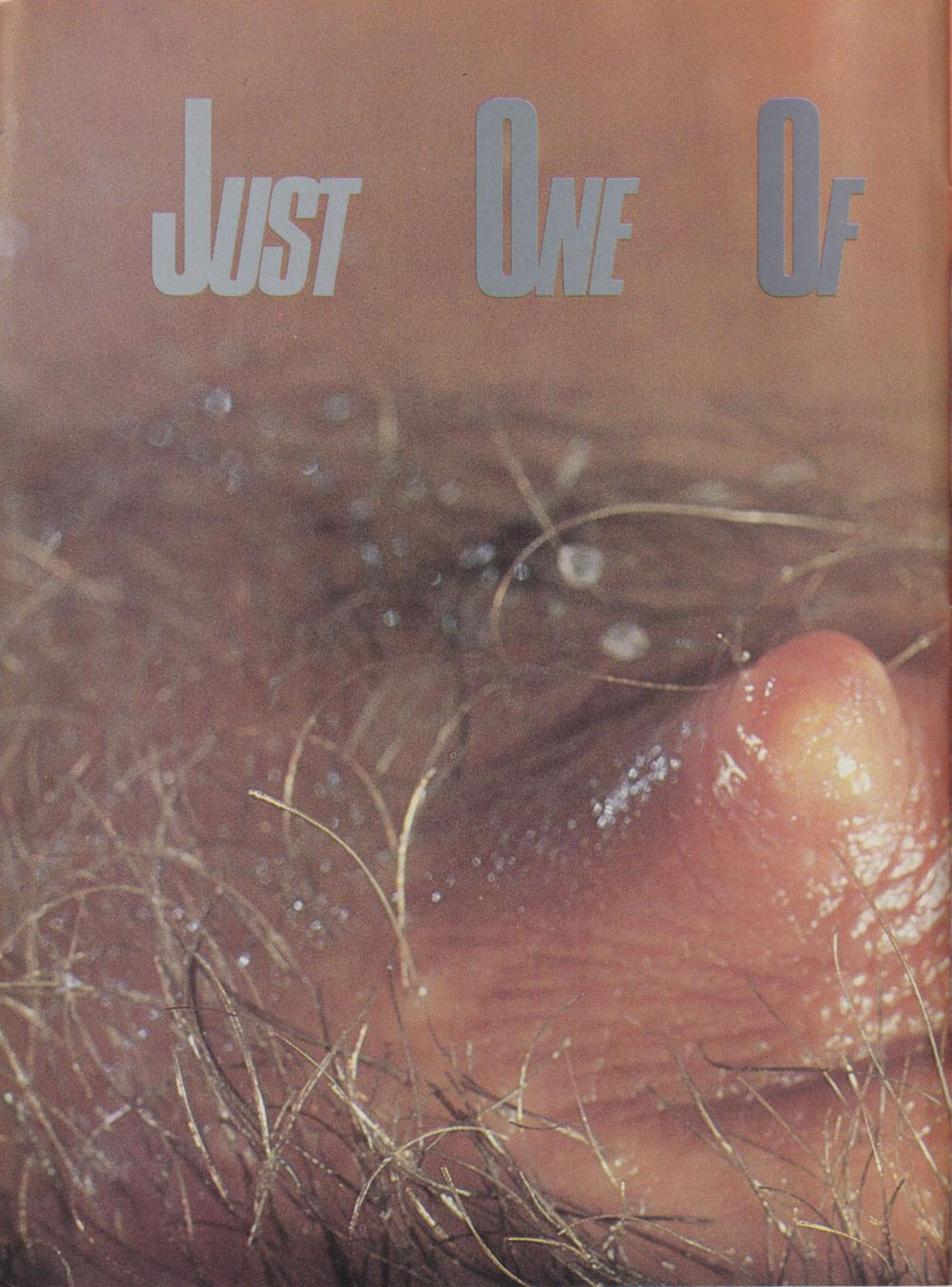
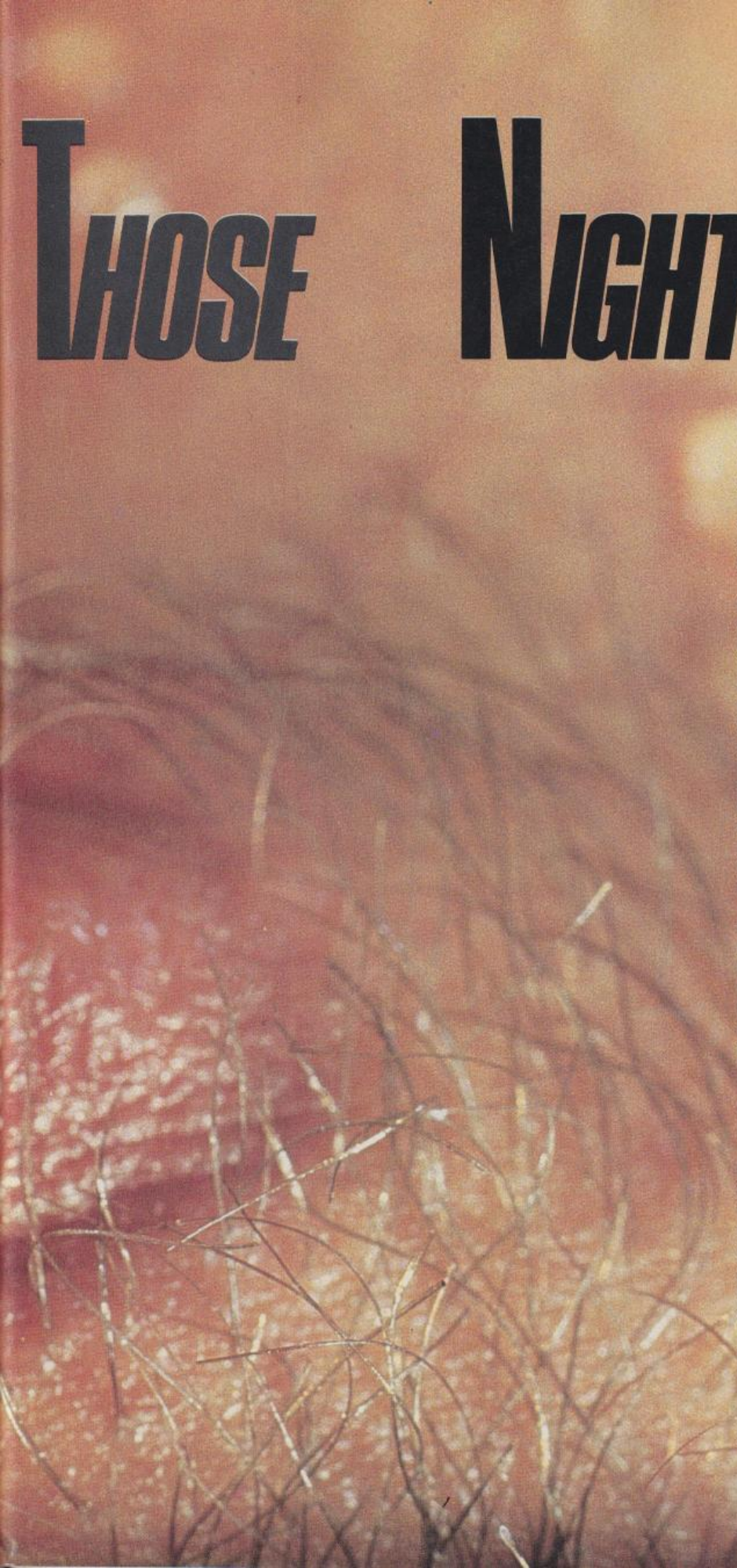


THOSE NIGHTS

BY BILL WHITE

PHOTOS BY NAAKKVE



You know that kind of night, when you're feeling fidgety and horny so you have a drink or two to relax and it makes you worse? And you have an excess of nervous energy and nothing to do, and you don't really feel like going out, but you just can't stay home? Then you check your calendar and, sure enough, it's the full moon? You know, *that* kind of night?

Well, it was just exactly that kind of night, but even worse. I was exhausted and aggravated from a really shitty day at work (don't even *ask* what happened at work; that's a whole other story I don't want to get into). I came home, totally disgusted, downed a beer first thing and planned to throw a record on the stereo and read a good book or something. But after changing the record four times because the mood wasn't right and looking through all my books twice and not being able to find anything to read, I realized that, like it or not, Fate was about to throw me one of those zingers that Fate is so very good at throwing.

I downed another beer. I've learned all the signs for when one of Those Nights is beginning, and this was definitely one of them. I was going to go out and do something either very wonderful or very stupid. It was going to be either a unique erotic memory or an embarrassing travesty, or both, but it would definitely be one of Those Nights that I would never forget.

Nervous? Well, yeah, a little. I tossed the beer can, showered, and got ready to go out. Then I drank another beer.

I have reasons for downing so much beer on this kind of night, by the way. One, it relaxes me. Two, it helps my mind wander, to prepare myself for whatever is coming. And three, it's cheaper to go out drunk than to get high in the bars. Get a good buzz on at home and you can nurse the expensive drinks. Of course, if you have one or two too many at home, you end up getting in a what-the-fuck mood and you spend twice as much at the bar—which is usually my story.

Especially when it's a full moon.

Now, when I'm in this particular mood I go to a certain bar. I go there because it's

His crotch was right against my face. If I opened my mouth, his balls would drop right into it. I didn't say anything, but I did open my mouth...

right around the corner, so I don't have to deal with getting home. And it's a real pretty, untouchably aloof crowd—lovely young clones without any minds to speak of, who love to stand and pose and tease people.

When I'm in this mood I like to watch them play their games. And sometimes I like to participate.

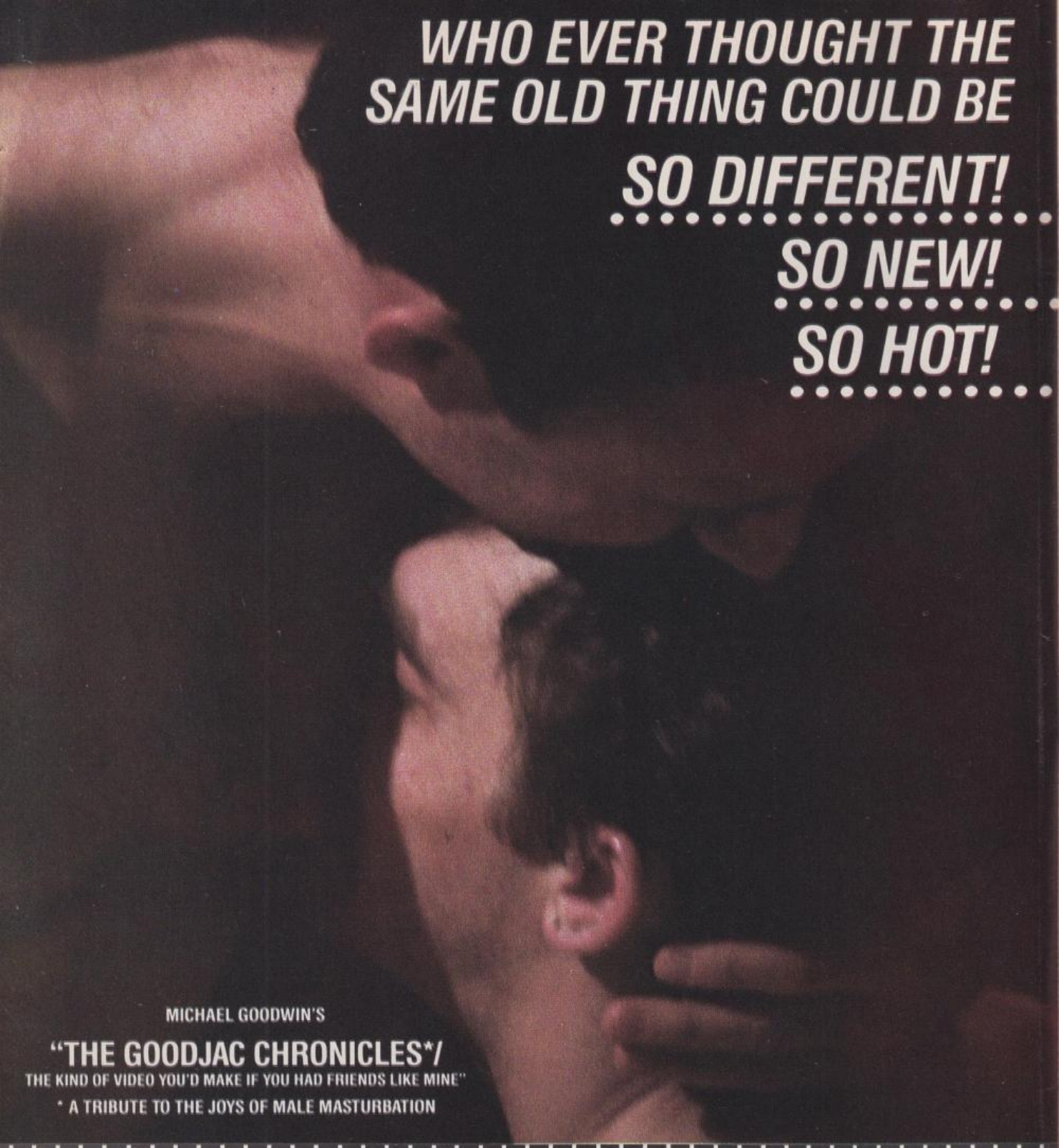
That's when I get in trouble.

I spent an hour that night deciding on clothes and cologne, having a couple more beers, and a schnapps or two, just for the hell of it. Then I went to the neighborhood clone bar. Late as it was, I was one of the first ones there. (So much for the Grand Entrance.) I grabbed a seat at the bar and ordered a Black Russian from Dick the bartender (that's his name, really).

After a while, the Pretty Boys started arriving—in twos and threes; they don't like to be seen alone. I sat watching them and talking to Dick and letting my mind wander wherever it was wandering.

Now, there's always this one group of guys I always see there, and they're always together. I've talked to a few of them now and then, just kind of casually, you know. They're just a cute little clique of pretty sisters. There are always new people fluttering around them, trying to be part of the in-group, or lusting over some particular one of them. All the regulars know these guys by now. They are casually friendly to everybody, but no one enters The Group unless invited.

I lusted over one of them once. His name



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was Joe—excuse me, *Joseph.* I made a casual inquiry and he told me politely but definitely that he was not interested. I wasn't offended. He was perfectly sweet about it. (All these guys have had The Polite Put-Down 101, and I'm sure this guy had been graded "A-plus.") But I did learn my lesson.

Except this was one of Those Nights—remember?

I turned back to the bar and ordered another Black Russian. When Dick brought it to me, I was slow pulling out my wallet, hoping he would say it was on the house. But what he said was, "It's been paid for."

"What?"

"It's paid for."

"Oh, thanks, Dick," I said, taking the drink.

"Not me. One of the guys over there, I don't remember his name."

"Which one? What's he look like?"

Dick looked over.

"He's looking this way now."

I turned around. Joseph raised his glass to me and smiled.

I raised my glass and smiled back, nodded, and turned back to the bar. Dick was gone, waiting on another customer.

God, I thought, what was I supposed to do now? Go over and thank him? Or wait for him to come over to me? What was going on, anyway?

I couldn't go over to him; I just couldn't. So I did the next best thing: I gulped the drink down, ordered another, and told Dick to send Joseph one from me.

Was that the right thing to do? I don't know. That's the problem with gay bars: everybody has his own rules. Anyway, I didn't think; I just did it.

And the next thing I knew, Joseph had his hand on my shoulder. "Hi! Thanks for the drink. Can I join you?"

As if he had to ask. I tried to act casual. "Sure," I said, and poured my drink on my shirt.

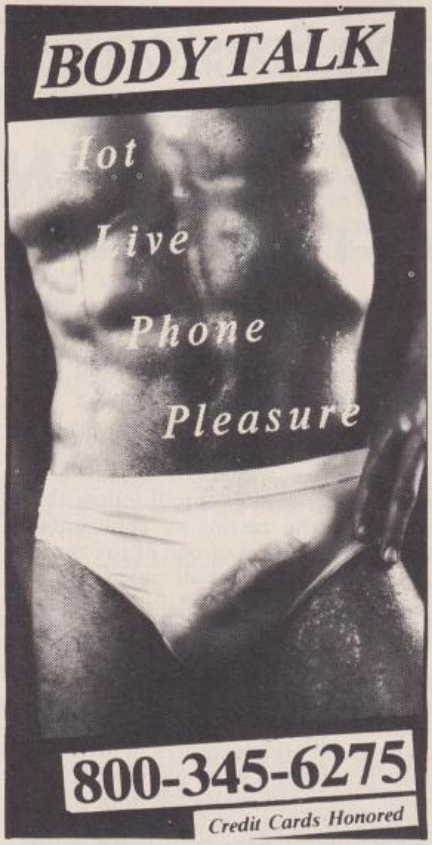
Joseph called Dick over for some of those little paper napkins, and the two of them helped me clean myself off. Then Joseph ordered me another drink.

I wish I could remember what we were talking about there at the bar, but I really can't. I was making an ass of myself—I do remember that—but Joseph was friendly and full of nonscornful laughter and seemed to be enjoying our conversation.

He was *talking* to me. God! He was *talking* to *me*!

I wish I could remember what he said.

But anyway, we were both laughing and having a good time and slapping each other on the back and grabbing each other's thighs—I remember that—and all of a sudden things got real serious and he looked at me with his deep soulful eyes (I can't remember what color, damn it) and



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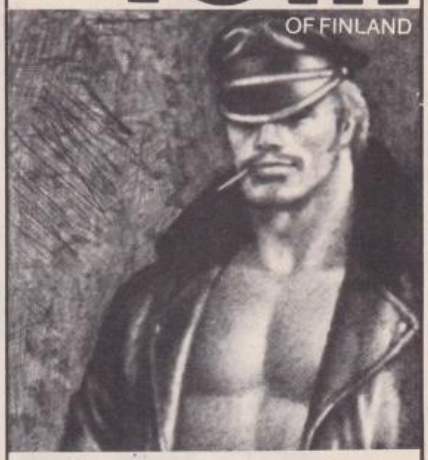

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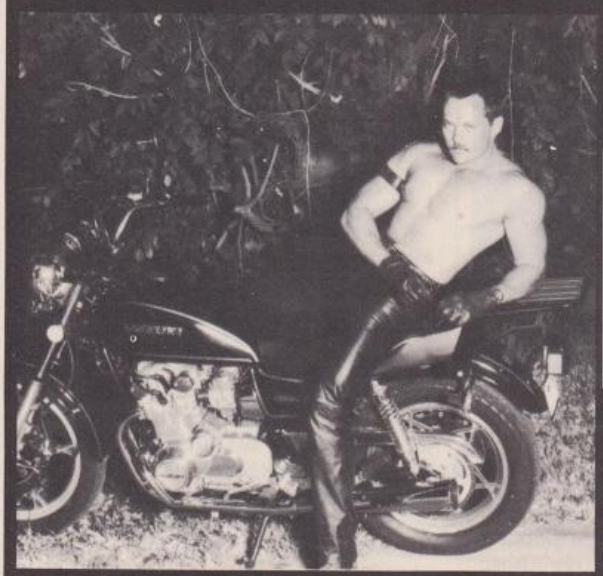

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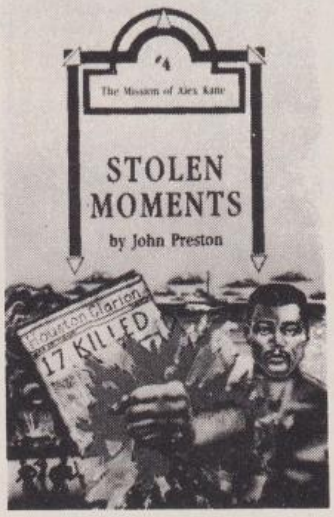

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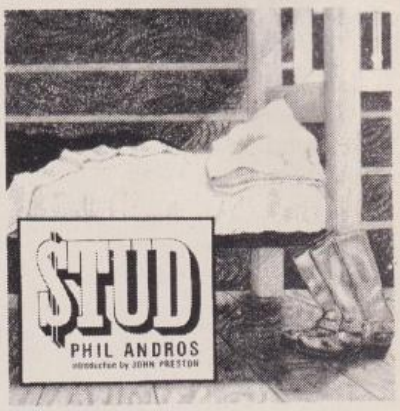

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he said, "So how about it?"

How about what? I thought. Oh shit, I blew it. I hadn't heard a word he'd said.

I just looked back at him and shook my head. Finally, I managed to speak: "I'm sorry. I'm really embarrassed. But as I'm sure you've noticed, I'm more than a bit blotto right now, and I'm having one of Those Nights, so can we go back just a few sentences and start again? I think I missed something."

He put his hand on my shoulder and looked straight into my eyes. "I said, 'I think you're a fascinating person, and I'd like you to come home with me tonight.'" I couldn't think of anything clever to say, so I said the first thing that came to my mind: "Sure."

Without further ado, we left the bar. He didn't even say goodnight to The Group.

Well, you can imagine how I was feeling. I had no idea what he found fascinating in me, particularly considering the state I was in, but in that state I didn't really care. I was lost in the Land of Dream-Come-True.

From what I remember of his apartment, it was very nice, very chic. I know there was deep carpeting, because I took my shoes and socks off and was rubbing my toes in it.

Joseph handed me a joint.

Oh God, I thought, maybe I shouldn't. But I did.

I'll say this for the guy. He's very gentle, and much sweeter than I ever thought he'd be, considering my first encounter with him. He was clever and intelligent, too, which I would never have expected of a member of The Group. We sat on the couch and talked for a while, and then we started playing around a little. Then he started unbuttoning my shirt, and I started unbuttoning his. God, I'd lusted after those gorgeous pecs for years! And all of a sudden here they were. And all of a sudden there *we* were, lying naked side by side on the couch.

Joseph whispered in my ear, "Come with me."

Holding my hand, he led me to the bedroom and we lay down together. I immediately leaned over and reached for his cock, but he stopped me. "Not yet."

Uh-oh, I thought, something's gone wrong.

But I was wrong. I lay back, and he stretched his body on top of mine and started stroking my hair, his face just a couple of inches from mine. "Everything okay?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure."

"So then we'll go ahead," and he got out of bed and walked to the closet.

Go ahead? I thought. Go ahead with what?

The room was pretty dim. I watched Joseph's silhouette against the venetian blinds, watched his gorgeous v-shaped torso come back to the bed, saw that he was carrying something.

Gently, he took one of my arms. He pulled it up over my head and began to tie my hand to one of the bedposts.

Needless to say, I had mixed feelings.

It occurred to me that this was probably what the conversation at the bar had been about. It occurred to me that this wasn't really my scene. But this *was* Joseph, and he was being very sweet and nice, and I felt I could trust him. But still . . .

"Uh, Joseph," I said, tugging at the rope.

He kissed me. "Just relax. I promise you'll like this." He gave a cute little smile and kissed me again. Then he straddled my face and tied my other hand to the other bedpost.

Oh well, at this point what could I say? His crotch was right against my face. If I opened my mouth, his balls would drop right into it.

I didn't say anything, but I did open my mouth.

After that he tied my feet. Then he squatted on my face and played with my tits and played with my cock and made me do a lot of stuff I'd rather not talk about but really enjoyed at the time. God, I wish I could remember more about that night.

It wasn't a pain thing, not at all. He just wanted to make sure he was in control of the situation, and he was, and that was fine with me. It had a certain kind of innocence about it. He was respecting my vulnerability, protecting it, and using it for the benefit of us both.

So after a nice long while, he was lying on top of me, and we were both real hot and sweaty. I felt great.

But my arms were getting real sore. "Joseph? Can you untie me now?"

He looked at me and smiled, a different kind of smile. "Not quite yet." He adjusted the ropes a little. "Better?"

"Thanks. You're real considerate."

He laughed.

We played around a little more—actually, he did the playing—and then his door buzzer sounded.

"Good," he said, "he's here," and he jumped up to answer the door.

Who's here? I thought, getting a little nervous again. Oh well, nothing I can do about it now.

I listened to Joseph talking to someone else in the living room for a couple of minutes. I smelled a joint being smoked. Then they came in, the two of them. Like I said, the room was really dark. I could barely see them. Joseph held the joint to my lips as the other guy started to undress.

"Joe," I whisperred in his ear. I was so nervous I didn't even call him by his right name. "Joe, is this going to be okay?"

He kissed me, very gently, and put the joint to my lips again. "Relax and enjoy it.

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I've learned the signs when one of Those Nights is beginning, and this was definitely one of them. I was going to go out and do something either very wonderful or very stupid. It was going to be either a unique erotic memory or an embarrassing travesty. Or both.

Everything's fine."

I watched the other guy get undressed. They didn't speak, not a word. It was too dark for me to see his face. I couldn't even tell the color of his hair. But from his silhouette I could see he was built just about like Joseph, only maybe a little thinner.

Then Joseph flipped the venetian blinds shut and the room went black.

One of them sat on my chest, facing me, while the other one started stroking my very hard cock. I thought the one on my chest was the other guy, but I wasn't sure. I don't think he smelled quite the same or felt quite the same as Joseph, but in the shape I was in I couldn't be positive.

After a while, they switched positions. If my hands had been untied I could have felt the other guy's body and gotten some clues as to who he was, but I couldn't tell a thing. They both had moustaches—I was sure about that—but that was about it.

They gave me a real workout. I think the other guy was a little more aggressive than Joseph was—unless it *was* Joseph. Anyway they were both enjoying what they were doing to me, and to each other. I was off in a world of my own, not really knowing what was going on specifically, lost in the magical mix of touches and smells, and sounds and tastes. They were using me and enjoying me, and I didn't have to do anything at all but lie back and respond and relish every moment—even the ones I can't remember.

Finally they were lying on either side of me, one with his face by mine, the other with his head on my thigh.

"Feeling okay?" said the voice at my ear. It was Joseph.

I sighed contentedly. "Yeah. Except . . ." and I moved my arm to show my discomfort. My wrists were killing me, and my hands and feet were numb.

"Just a minute." He slapped his friend on the ass and they both got up. His friend kissed me good-bye, a long affectionate kiss, but he didn't say anything. He hadn't said one word the whole time he was in the room.

He picked up his clothes, and they left the room together.

I heard them talking very softly as he was getting dressed in the living room. I heard the door open, heard them kiss good-bye, heard the door close.

Joseph came back and opened the venetian blinds. Then he untied my wrists and massaged my hands back to life. He did the same for my feet. Then, crawling up next to me, he put his arms around me and kissed me. "Good night."

We were both silent for a minute or so.

"Joseph, I have a question."

He put his finger to my lips. "We'll talk tomorrow."

We awoke late in the morning, still in each other's arms. I woke up first (I always do) and just lay there, feeling that exquisite body clutched to mine, and looking at that perfectly chiseled face. But my mind kept wandering off to the Beautiful Stranger I had spent half the night with.

Joseph woke up and saw me staring at him. He stared back for a moment, as if trying to remember how I'd got there. Then he smiled and laughed a little.

"Morning," I said.

"Hi," he said, and rolled over, turning his back to me.

I'd had that happen before, too many times.

A few minutes later he got up and made breakfast. We made small-talk, but the night before wasn't mentioned.

I had to ask. "So who was he?"

"Who?"

"The other guy last night."

"You don't know?"

"It was dark."

"You couldn't tell who it was?"

"I don't know the guys you hang around with that well."

"It doesn't matter."

"Sure it does!"

"Why?"

"I like to know who I have sex with, that's all."

"If he wants to tell you, he will. But *I* can tell you that he liked it—a lot. As a matter of fact, it was his idea in the first place."

"His idea?"

"Yeah."

"With me?"

"Yep."

"Why me?"

"If you ever find out who he is, you can ask him."

"You're not going to tell me?"

"More fun if you figure it out."

"Give me a hint."

"You had plenty of hints last night."

"What I can remember."

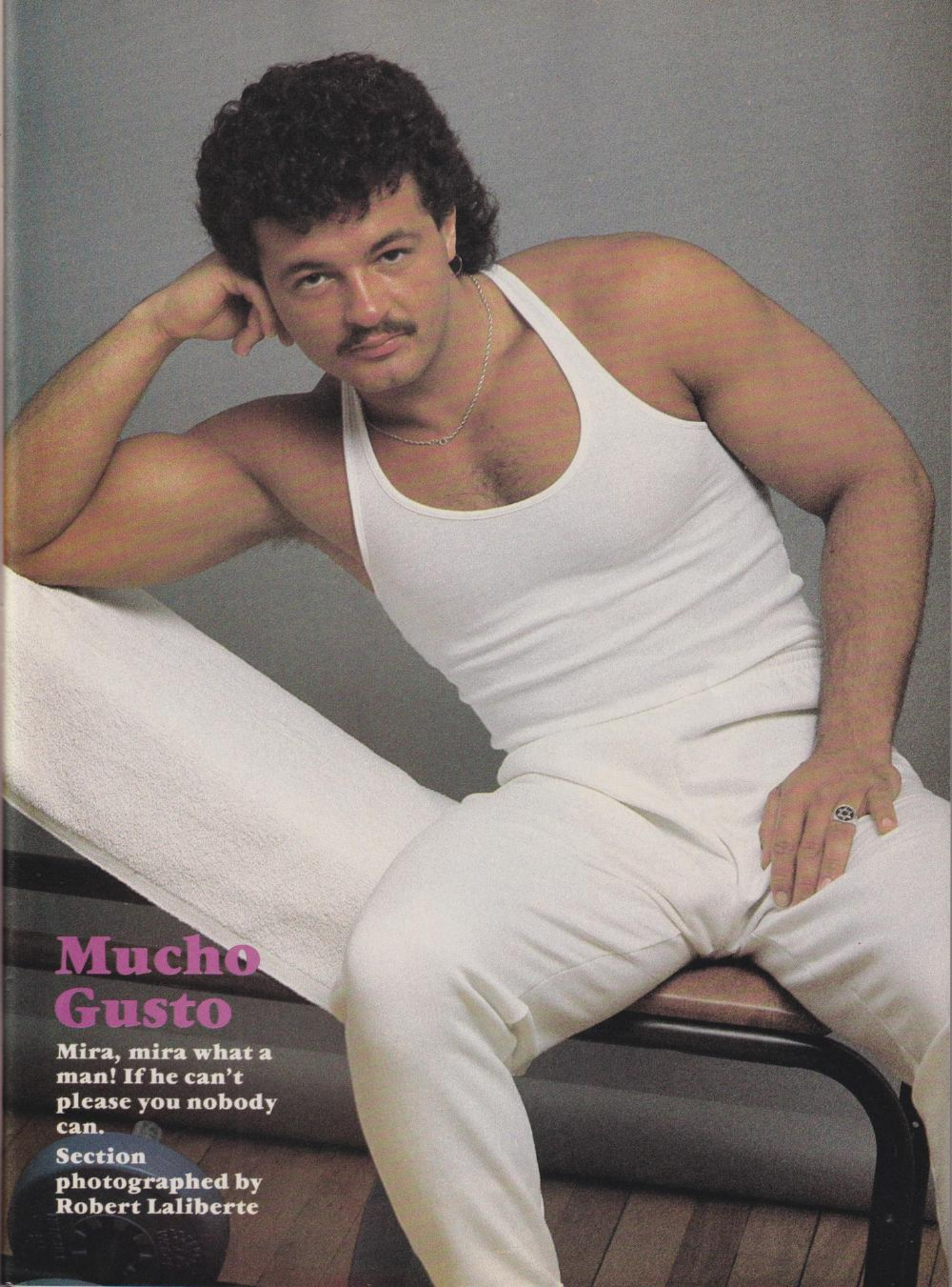
"That's your problem. Besides, isn't it kind of fun having a Mystery Man in your life?"

I had to admit it was.

I went back to that bar again a few days later. I didn't stay very long.

The Group was there, of course. Joseph said hello, and they all smiled amiably, the same gorgeous smiles, the same perfect teeth, identical moustaches, identical clone bodies. I'd *never* guess—never in a million years—which one I'd had. Then it occurred to me Joseph was right. It *didn't* matter.

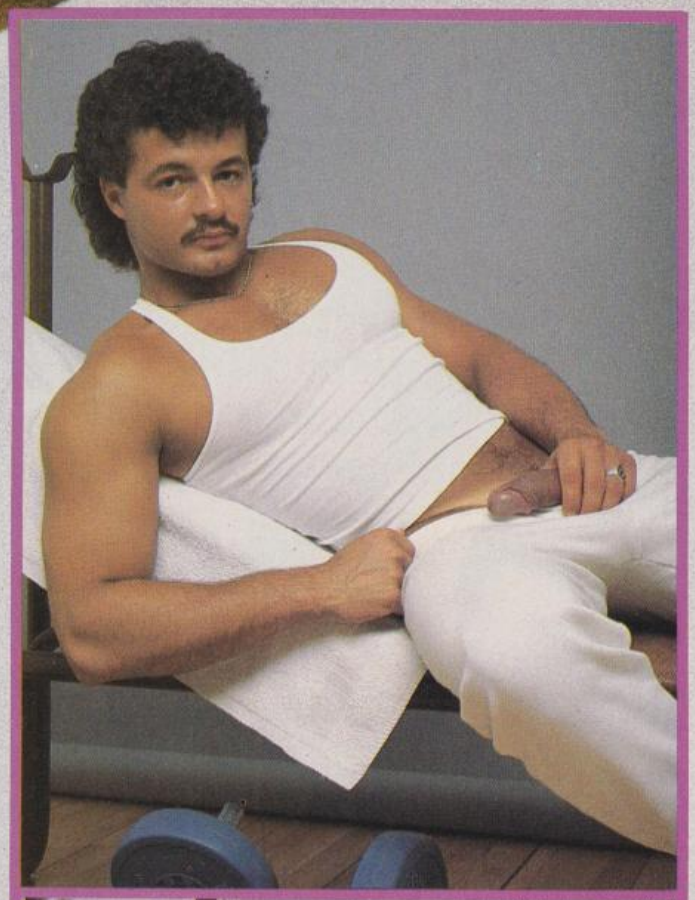
I'd had one. I'd had them all. ■



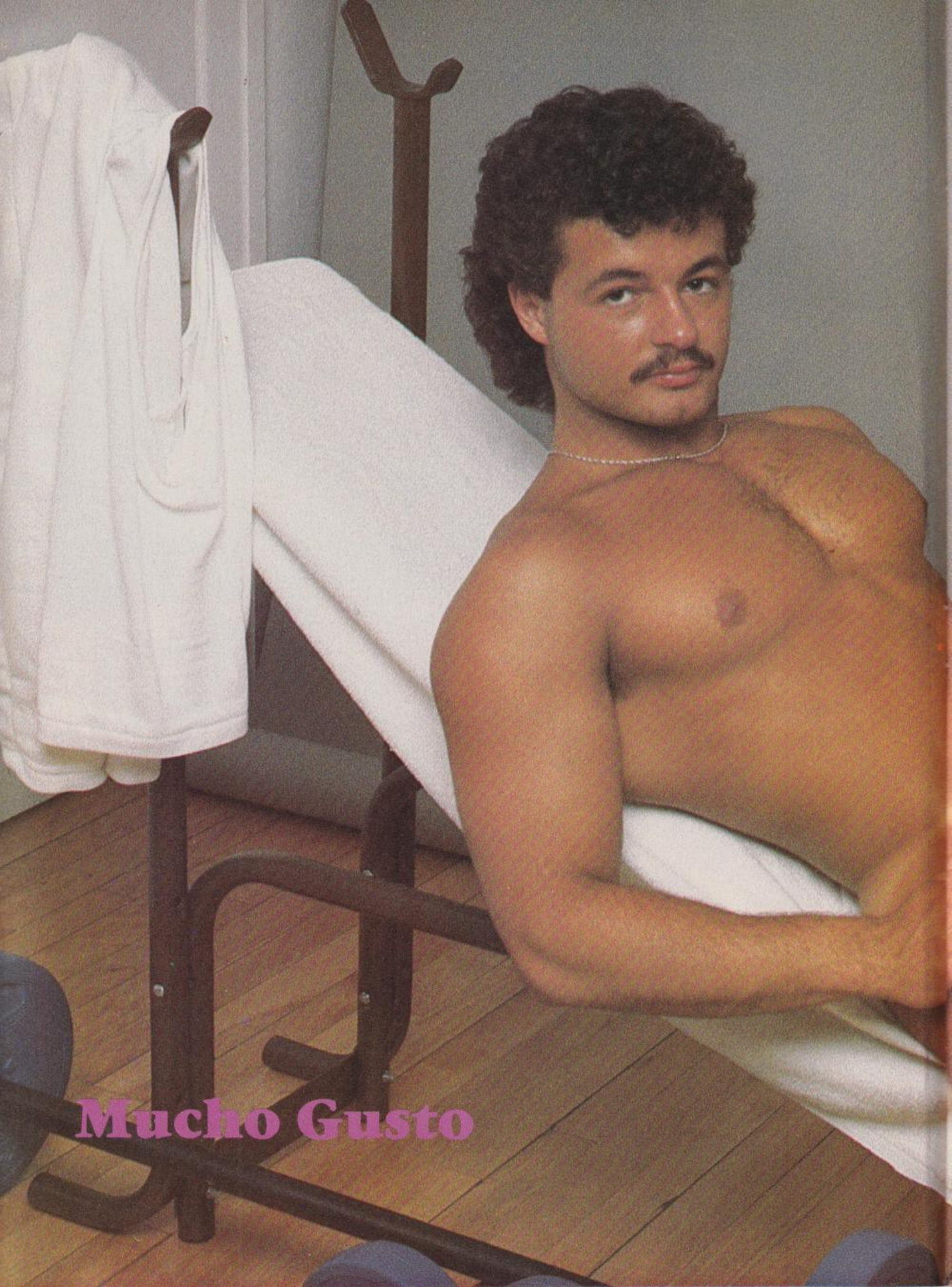
Mucho Gusto

Mira, mira what a man! If he can't please you nobody can.

Section photographed by Robert Laliberte



Mucho Gusto
He knows what he's got, knows how to use it, and knows where it goes.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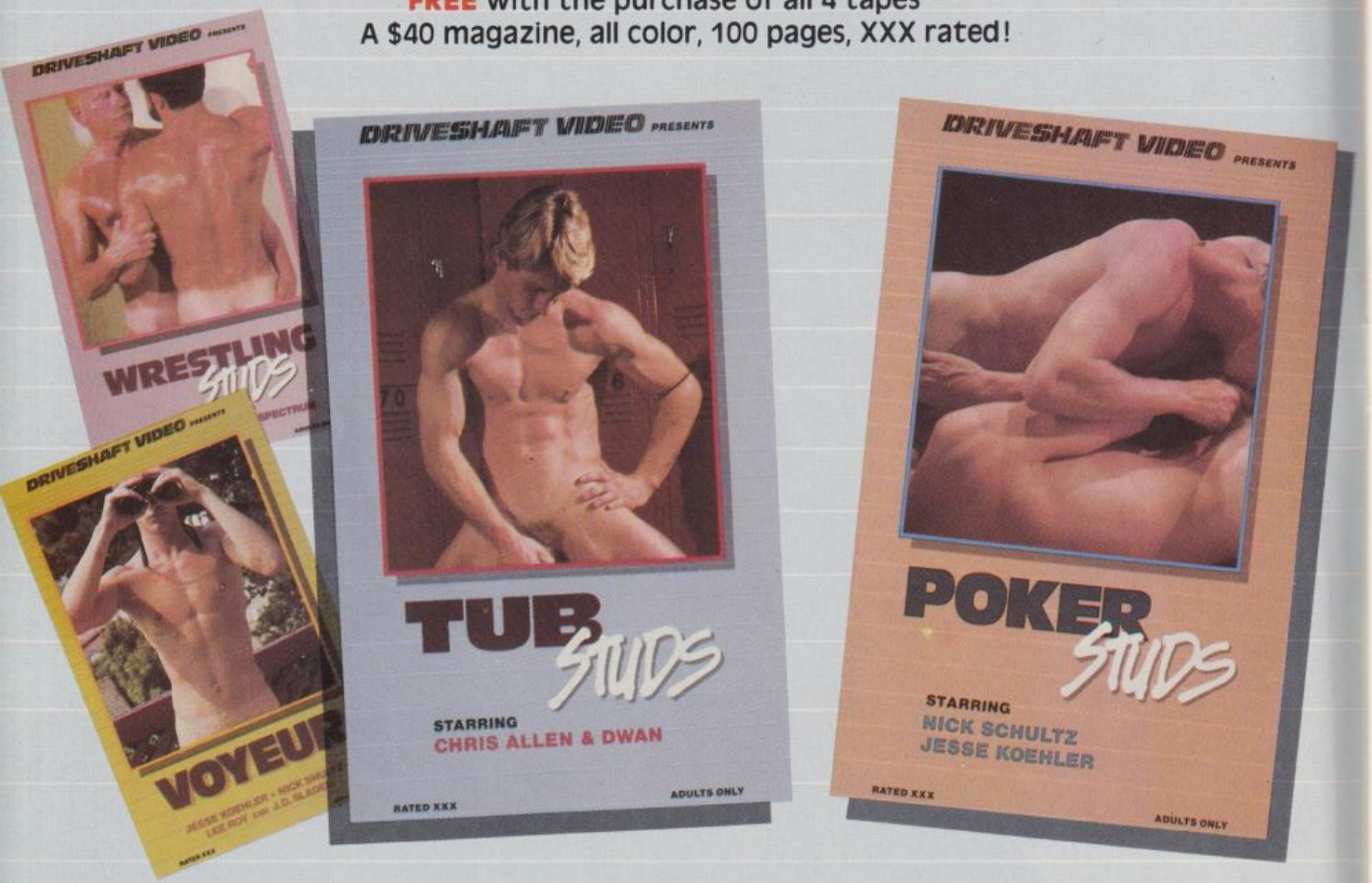

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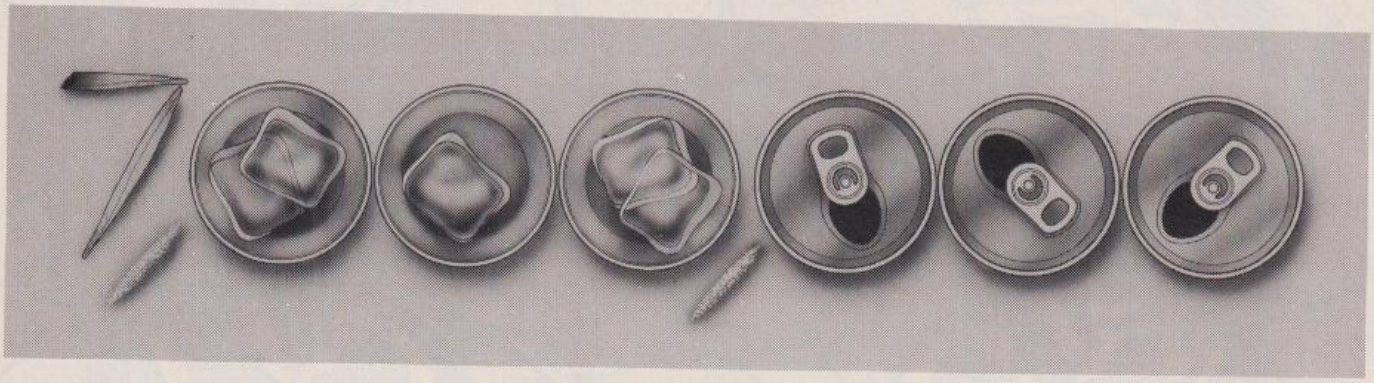

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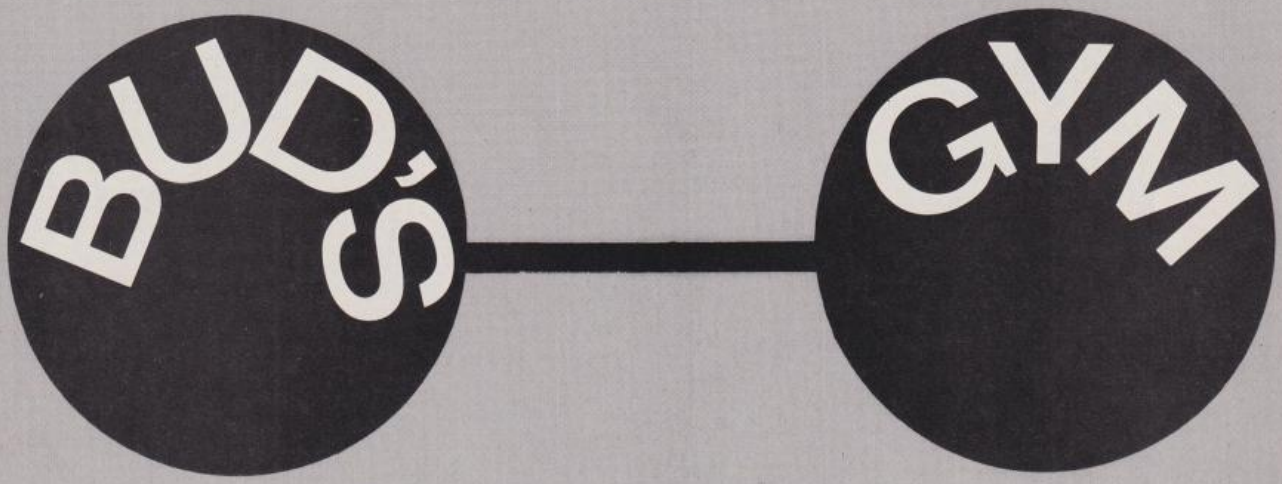
MATT

All my life, I had been a muscle groupie. I loved anything that was connected with body building. I never realized that what I really loved was the men. But now I was finding out all about my secret desires.



BY FRANK BROOKS • ART BY MATT

Rain dripped from the visor of my baseball cap as I tried the front door of Bud's Gym and found it locked. Inside, the lights were on but nobody was working out—there was nobody in sight. It appeared I'd trudged three miles in the rain and the dark for nothing. Apparently the rumor I'd heard that a lot of the big-name iron pumpers worked out before dawn was untrue. I felt like a fool. I was glad the guys back at my university dorm couldn't see me now.

They all thought I was crazy for joining Bud's Gym in the first place. Why train in some rickety, old-fashioned barbell gym when I had free access to university gyms with the latest chrome-plated machines? Big deal that Bud's Gym had a reputation for turning out champion bodybuilders. Big deal that Bud himself had once been Mr. Universe. I could build muscle just as well on campus, the guys said—without wasting money better spent on beer and girls.

I couldn't tell them, of course, that I hadn't the slightest interest in beer and girls. What I cared about, what obsessed me, was bodybuilding. Muscle. Musclemen. My best friend in high school last year had called me a muscle groupie, but even he never guessed the depth of my interest.

I shivered in my wet clothes. If I didn't get inside soon I'd die of hypothermia. I imagined the guys back at the dorm laughing when they heard about my dead body being found out on the sidewalk in front of Bud's Gym—locked out—and I started to pound on the steamed-up plate glass. The gym's hours were posted inches from my nose—"5 AM TO 9 PM DAILY"—and it was well past five now. I pounded for a full two minutes, then went off to look for another door. I was determined to get inside.

In the darkness of the back alley, I stumbled over a crate. I felt around for a door knob and was surprised when the one I found turned easily in my hand. I opened the door and walked into the back utility room of Bud's Gym.

"Anybody here?"

Not a sound. The stillness was eerie. If I hadn't been in need of dry clothing, I'd have turned around and left right there.

My feet squashed in my sneakers as I stole down the stairs to the basement locker room. The lights were on, but it was deserted. I felt like a prowler. I decided to change into whatever dry clothing I could find in my locker and get out fast. I'd come back in the afternoon.

I'd stripped to the skin and was rummaging in my locker for some dry sweatclothes when the door of the massage room flew open. I froze where I stood. Two men stepped out—two *naked* men, two naked men with erect cocks. I could have shit in my pants if I'd been wearing any.

"I'm going back to bed," said the young man in the lead. "I've already had my workout."

"Like hell you are!" said the older man following him. "That was just your warm-up."

I recognized them both: Shawn Williams, a current contender for Teenage Mr. America, and Bud himself. Their mouths dropped open when they spotted me.

"What the hell!" Bud said, his face turning red. "How the hell did *you* get in?"

"The back door. I—"

"Christ!" Bud glanced at Shawn and shook his head, then looked back at me. "For your information, buddy, we ain't open till seven."

I started mumbling about the sign.

"Sign?" Bud frowned as if he didn't know what I was talking about. "That sign is way outta date. You shoulda been told our new hours when you joined. Who the hell signed you up, anyway?"

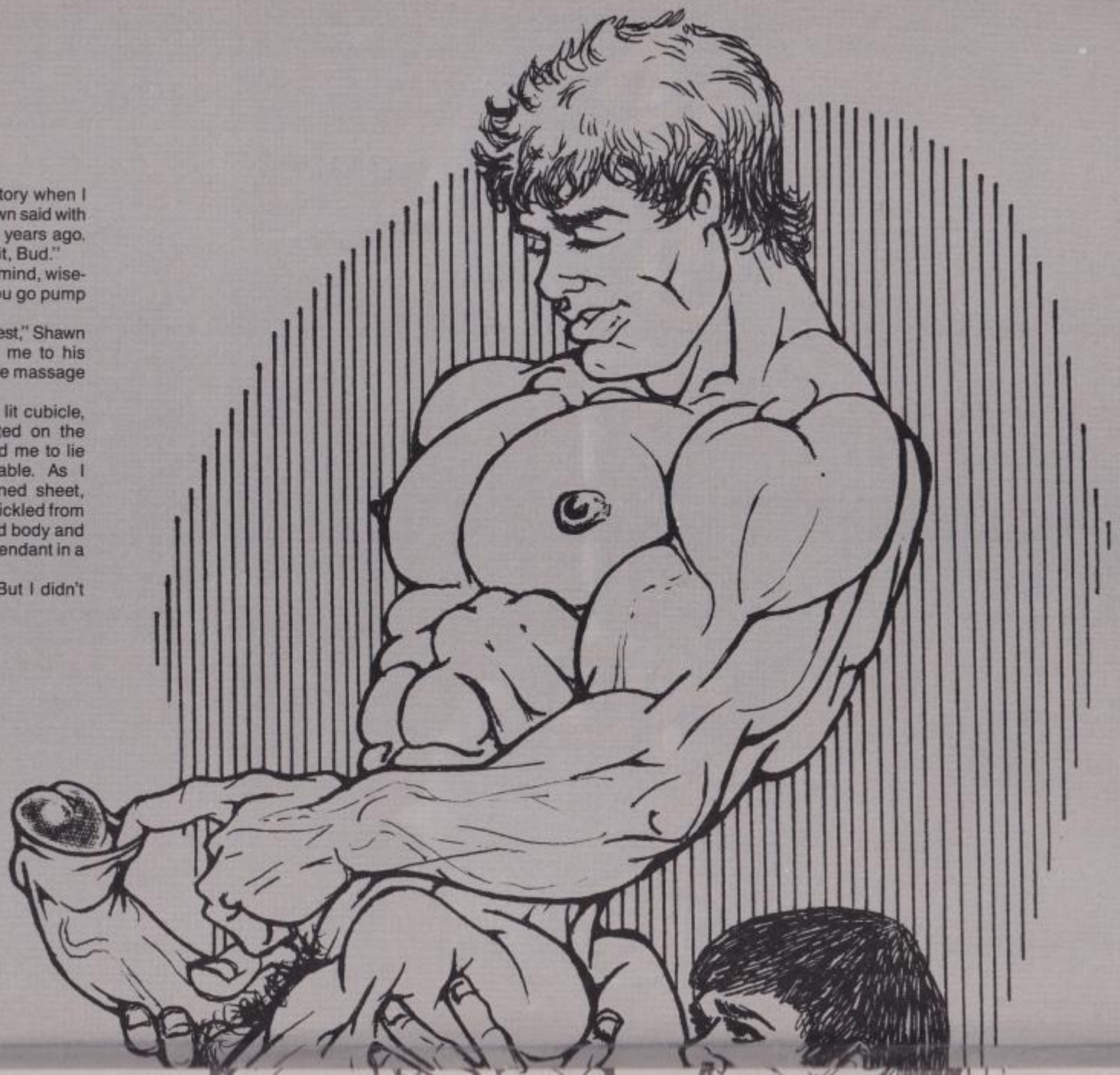
"That sign was ancient history when I started working out here," Shawn said with a chuckle. "And that was five years ago. Maybe you ought to get rid of it, Bud."

"I'll handle this if you don'd mind, wise-guy," Bud said. "Why don't you go pump some iron?"

"Just what I was gonna suggest," Shawn said. As Shawn moved past me to his locker, Bud ordered me into the massage room.

The room was a hot, dimly lit cubicle, with physique photos mounted on the concrete-block walls. Bud told me to lie face-up on the massage table. As I stretched out on the oil-stained sheet, sweat ran down my face and trickled from my armpits. Bud, with his oiled body and flushed skin, looked like an attendant in a torture chamber.

"I'm really sorry," I said. "But I didn't know—"



"Forget it," Bud said. He squirted oil from a bottle into his hand. "I can't blame you if you weren't properly informed when you signed up. And I've been meaning to scrape that sign down off the window. I just ain't got around to it yet." He rubbed his hands together. "Relax, you're stiffer than a board. I bet you ain't never had a massage before."

I hadn't.

He grabbed my feet and spread oil up my legs. I tensed at first, but then I began to melt. I sighed as he milked my feet. He worked his thumbs into the muscles of my thighs and my cock flipped up against my belly like a billyclub. I couldn't control it, but I really didn't care to.

"You're a good-looking kid," Bud said. "But I'm sure you already know that. Decent body too. Good proportions and definition. You need more size, but that'll come." He stroked my flanks.

I stretched, pointing my toes, forcing my arms high over my head. A shudder passed through me. My cock flexed up vertical, then fell back against my belly with a heavy thud. I was quivering from scalp to toes, and I had to stifle a moan.

"You look so pretty choking on my dick," moaned Bud, the body-building owner of the gym. He told me he would give me the workout of my life, but I never expected anything like this...

Bud rippled his fingers down my abs. "Like a steel mesh," he said. "I know guys who'd kill for abs like these."

He rubbed my armpits, tweaked my nipples, stroked the tense muscles at the back of my neck. I was helpless. I arched my back and writhed with pleasure.

Bud's cock throbbed inches from my face. It had to be eight inches long at least. It stood at a 45-degree angle, the foreskin peeled half off the moist knob. Veins bulged all over it. I could smell it.

"Some guys would've been shocked outta their heads by what you saw outside a few minutes ago," Bud said. "They'da stormed out swearing and never come back. But not you. You weren't shocked, were you, kid? You know what it's all about, ain't that right?"

"I guess so," I said, but the truth was I knew next to nothing. I'd had sexual fantasies about men since early grade school, but my in-the-flesh experience amounted to zero.

His sweat fell on me like rain as he leaned over to kiss me. He pinched my nipples and his tongue slipped into my mouth. I almost fainted with excitement. Then he started to lick me.

I squirmed as his tongue flicked at my nipples, as it licked down my belly and lapped up and down my balls. He kissed under my balls, then licked down my legs and sucked on my toes. He slid back up and lifted my cock. He licked the tip of it.

"God!" I arched up, tingles shooting straight to my toes. My dickhead slipped between Bud's lips. His tongue slid along the underside of my cock as I sank it down his throat. "Suck it!"

His head bobbed. He smacked his lips and churned his tongue. I squirmed on the table, my balls contracting, my toes working madly as the wild sensations pulsed through my cock. Bud's spit dribbled down my cock and balls like warm syrup. I heard a flesh-slapping sound and realized he was beating off.

His foreskin slid over the thick edges of his knob as his muscular hand jerked up and down. Lube oozed from his pisshole. The sight drove me nuts. I started to shake. In seconds the jizm was streaming through my cock and splashing against Bud's tonsils. My body arched high as I groaned in ecstasy.

"Ohhh Bud, suck it!"

Bud gagged as my first spurts filled his throat. He started to swallow, then gulped as fast as I could shoot, sucking to the rhythm of my spasms. My eyes nearly popped out as he drained me. In a minute I was begging him to stop.

He licked his lips, moved to the head of the table, and banged his dick on my face. "You want it," he said. "I know you want it."

He smeared the sticky moisture of his knob on my face. The cheesy smell made me dizzy. His lube seeped into my nostrils and between my lips. My lips itched as his cockhead seared them. My mouth gaped. His cock filled my throat and I choked.

"You look so pretty choking on my dick," Bud said. He pinched my cheeks and fucked my mouth.

It took a few seconds, but my throat finally relaxed. I smacked my lips as his cock slid between them. I pushed my tongue under his foreskin and slurped around and around his tasty knob. I moaned with hunger. I wanted to bite off his big meaty dickhead and swallow it. I sucked like a calf until his cock went into violent spasms.

"Yeahhh!" Bud moaned. "Drink it!"

My mouth overflowed. Cum ran down my chin and neck. Potent cum fumes filled my head. Sucking, gulping, I drank as much of Bud's salty juice as I could before his dick stopped bucking and the last thick gobs oozed out. I milked his cock and licked out his piss hole. I'd never tasted anything so good.

He kissed me. "Don't go away," he said, then left the room. He was back in a minute, pushing Shawn in ahead of him.

Shawn wore a pair of gold posing briefs. He was dripping sweat. He stripped off the briefs and started to rub his hard cock against my own. "Nice hot meat," he said. "I bet you'd love to shove this turkey leg up

MATT

"You asked for it," Bud said. He climbed up on the table behind me. "You asked for it, baby."

my ass."

I would have fallen off the table if Bud hadn't grabbed me and pulled me off it first. As Shawn took my place on the table, pulling his knees to his chest and showing me his asshole and balls. Bud rubbed oil on my cock.

"He's got a real hot ass," Bud growled in my ear. "You're gonna love it." He pushed my head down. "Kiss it."

My nose was buried between Shawn's buttocks and my lips were pressed to his asshole. Shawn moaned, rubbing his ass in my face. I kissed it. One taste and I was hooked. I started licking. My tongue slipped inside him. I grabbed my cock and started beating off.

"Yeahhh!" Shawn signed. He beat his cock as I licked out his asshole.

"Time to screw some ass," Bud said, and he pulled us apart.

I'd never fucked anything in my life, but as I bridged myself over Shawn it seemed that I'd done this hundreds of times before. Bud shot oil between Shawn's buttocks and told me to "stick the big fucker in." My cock slipped between Shawn's ass cheeks.

"Uhhh!" I almost came as I sank my cock in Shawn's asshole. He was tight, but buttery slick.

"Big cock!" Shawn wiggled his ass, begging me to screw him. "Give it to me, baby! Fuck me!"

I'd never felt anything like it. I nearly climaxed with each thrust. Shawn tossed his blond head from side to side and rolled his blue eyes. He shoved his right foot in my face so I could suck his toes. My toe-sucking drove him crazy.

Bud whacked my ass. "Tight cheeks," he said. "Real nice." His fingers slipped between my buttocks and before I knew what was happening he'd shoved a finger up my asshole.

I gasped. Bud's finger twisted and burned inside me. As he rubbed my prostate, I started to squirm. "Do it! Oh yea, do it!"

"You asked for it," Bud said. He climbed up on the table behind me. "You asked for it, baby."

I bore down on Shawn, kissing him, grinding my cock inside him. Shawn clawed my back, fucking his cock between our greased bellies. I drooled in Shawn's mouth and sucked on his tongue. I was all goosebumps and chills as Bud mounted me.

Bud's cock rubbed up and down my ass cleft. I churned my ass, moaning, wanting to be fucked. My asshole opened and Bud's rattlesnake cock slipped inside—all of it, all eight thick inches of it.

I almost screamed. I begged Bud to pull his cock out, but he just laughed. Instead of pulling out, he started humping, grinding his cock inside me. As he fucked my prostate, my pain vanished. I'd never felt such intense pleasure.

"Ram it!" I begged through clenched teeth. "Oh yeah!"

Shawn squirmed under me, groaning as I reamed out his asshole. Bud grunted, his hard belly smacking my butt. An electric current flowed through the three of us, welding us together. Our sweat-greased bodies made flesh-slapping sounds as we writhed against each other. I squirmed between Bud and Shawn, wallowing in their muscle and sweat. Suddenly, Shawn's asshole exploded with spasms.

"Awwwww!" Shawn shuddered under me, his eyes rolled back, his toes clutching air. As I rammed him, his spunk shot between our bellies like hot milk. "Awwwww!"

I kissed him, sucking his tongue, fucking his spasming asshole as Bud rammed my own asshole. My balls swelled, a tremor shook my cock, and I started to spurt. A second later, Bud's cum burst into my asshole. I felt the spurts splashing my guts. As I shot spunk into Shawn and Bud shot spunk into me, I melted together with the two of them. Our three cocks bucked and quivered and shot until we all lay spent and unmoving. For several minutes afterward, we remained joined.

Bud insisted I wear posing briefs like Shawn's for my workout, my first workout under his personal supervision. He wanted to see my muscles work, he said. He slave-drove me until I could hardly stand up, then sent me to the showers. While I was showering, he opened the gym for the day.

When I crawled back upstairs, the iron was flying. The big names had arrived for their early-morning workouts. Bug-eyed, I watched two former Mr. Americas spot bench presses for each other. Their muscles looked good enough to eat. Their posing trunks bulged. I was drooling as Bud came over and put his arm around me.

"Sore?" he asked me.

"A little."

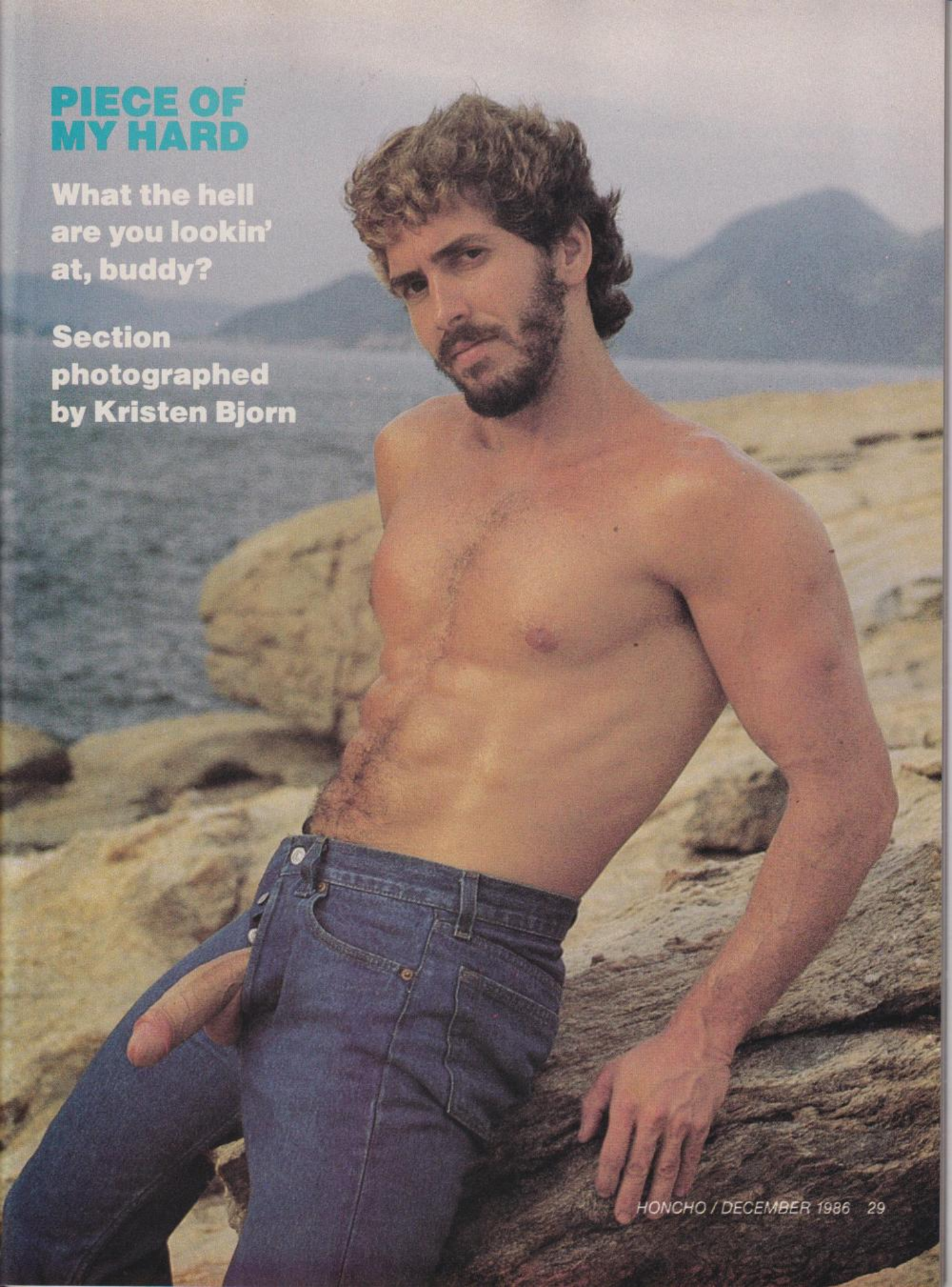
"If you think you're sore now, wait till tomorrow," he said.

Bud didn't know it, but I was already counting the minutes till five a.m. ■

PIECE OF MY HARD

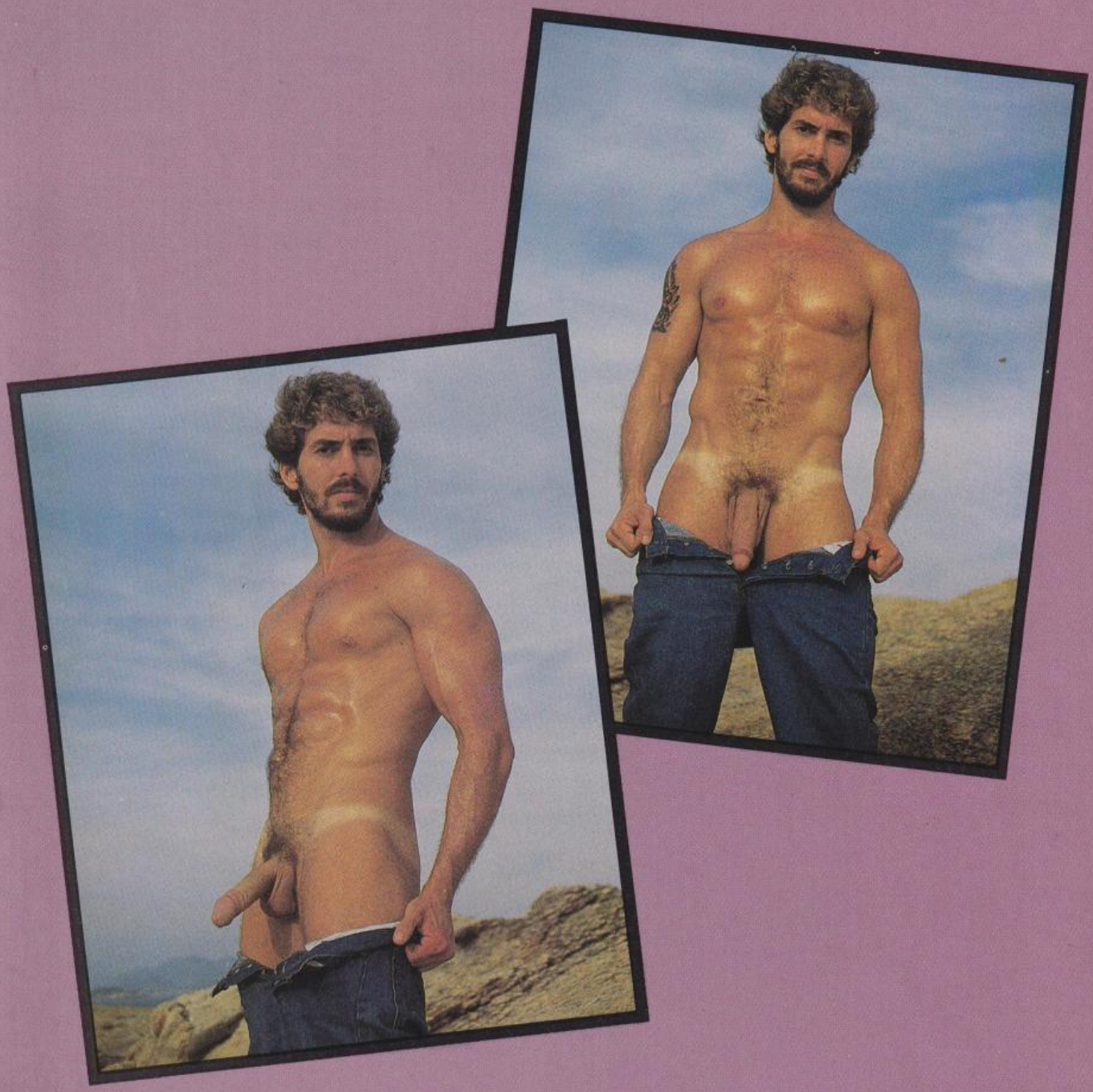
What the hell are you lookin' at, buddy?

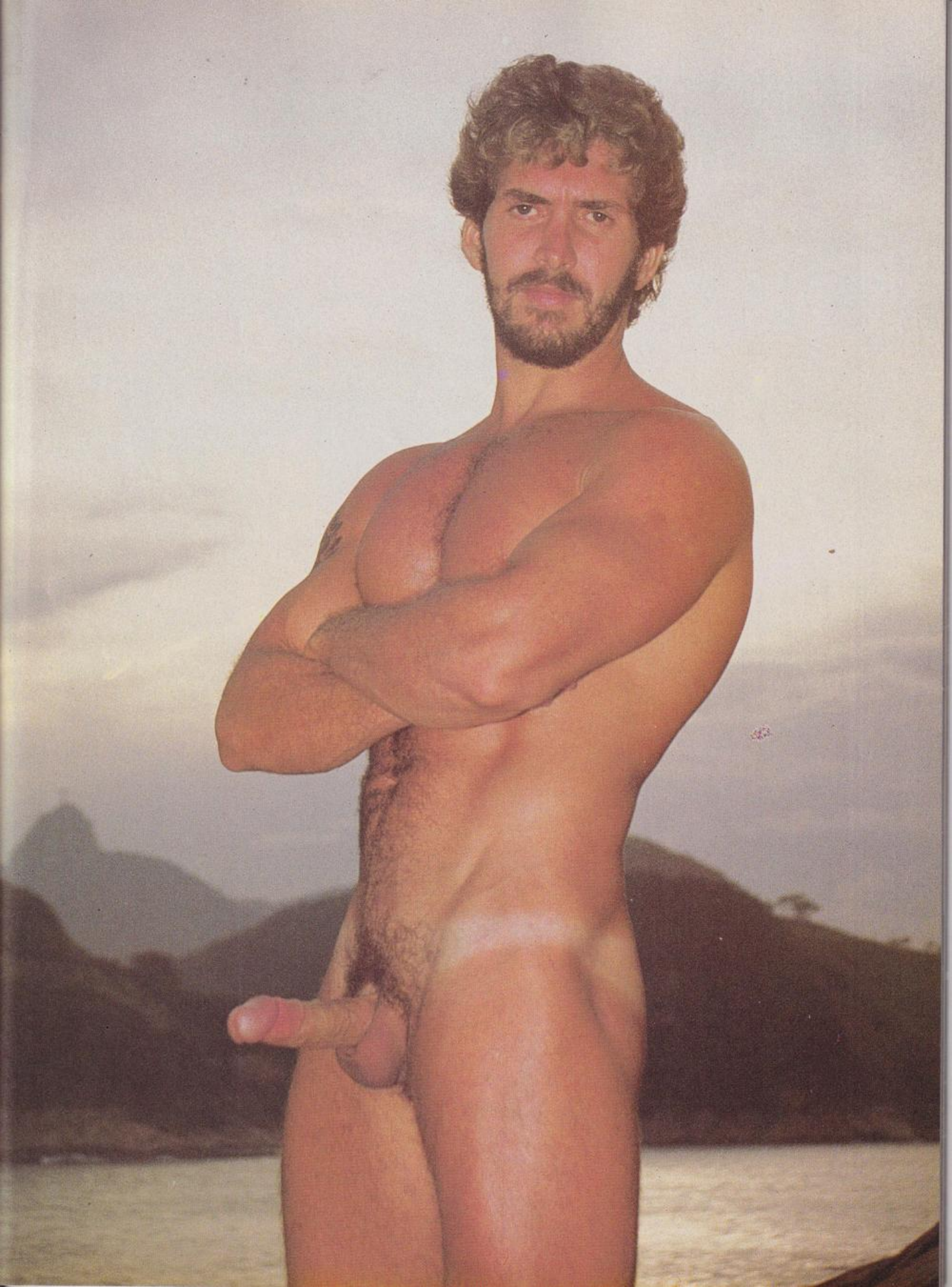
Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn



PIECE OF MY HARD

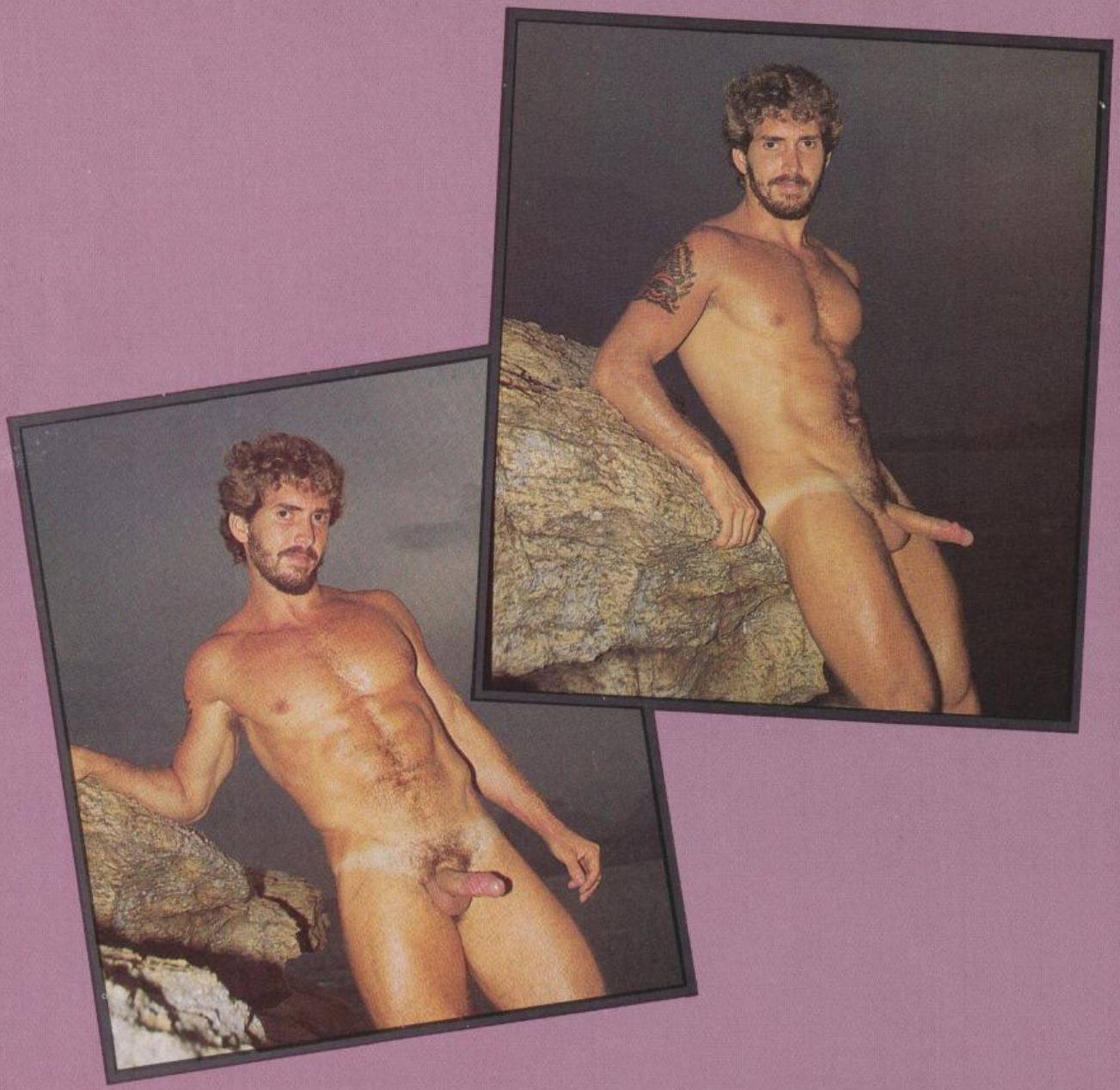
As if I didn't know. But, hey! That's all right, babe.

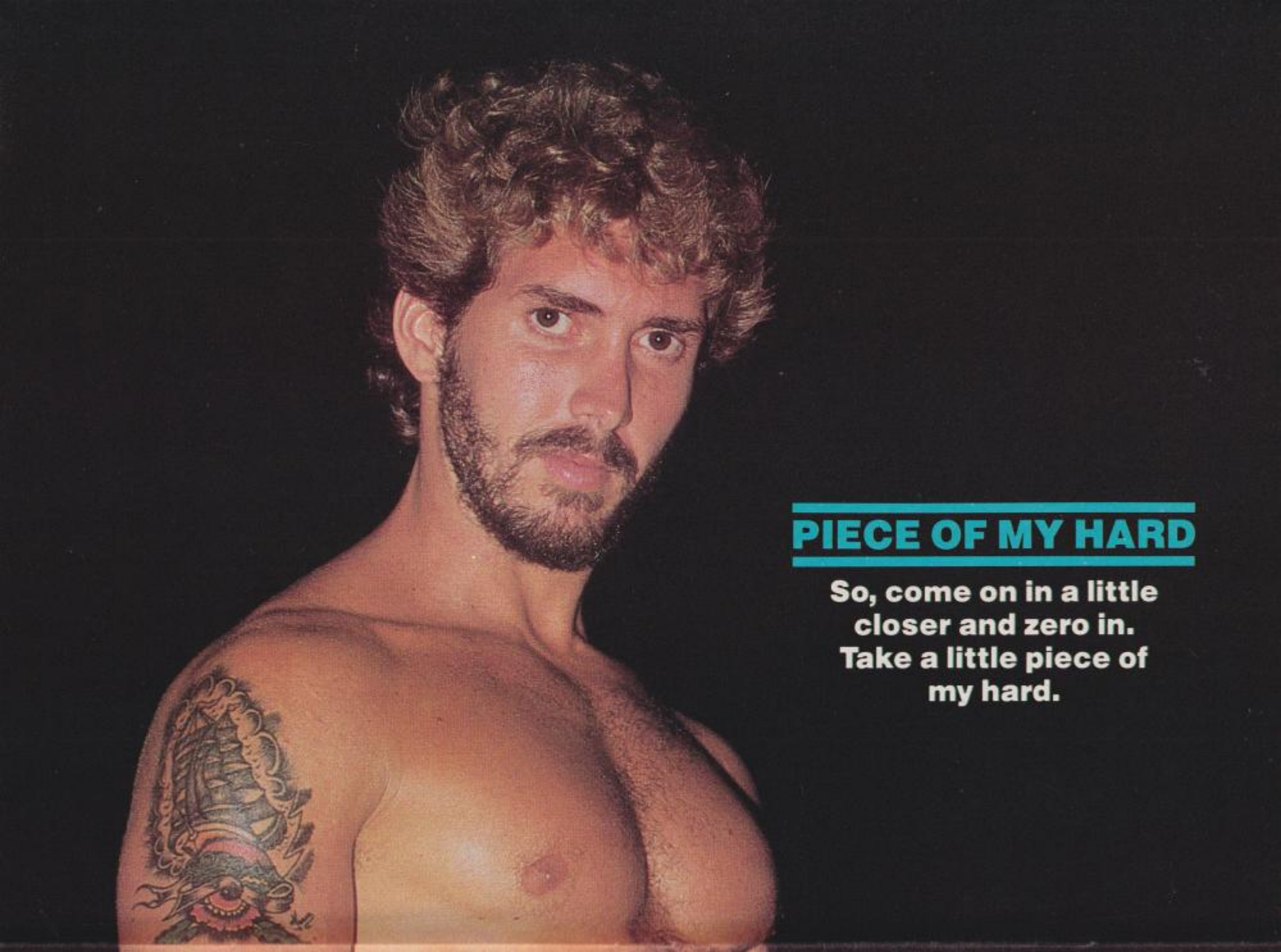




PIECE OF MY HARD

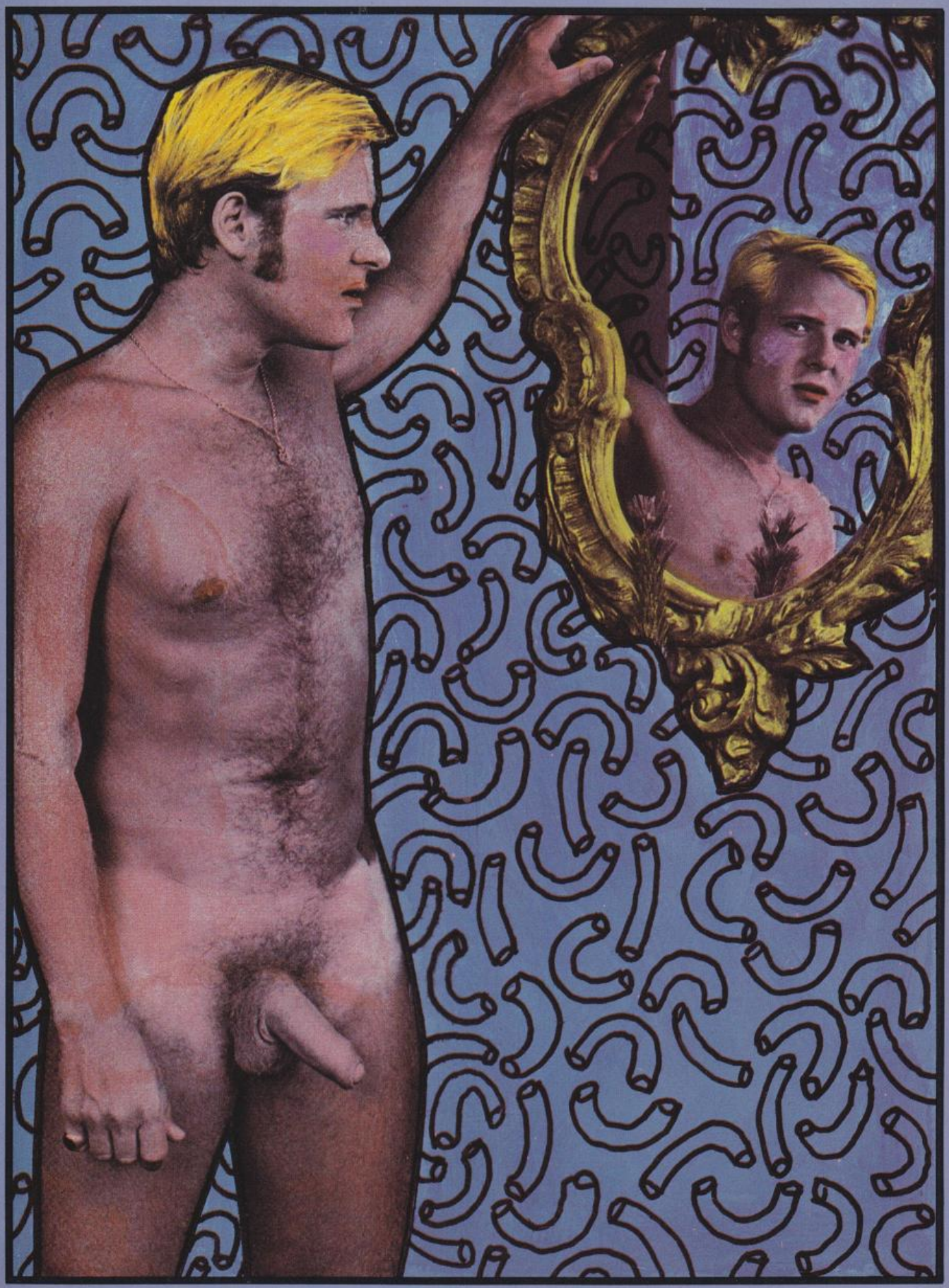
I know it's kinda hard to resist a hard piece like this one.





PIECE OF MY HARD

So, come on in a little closer and zero in. Take a little piece of my hard.



John thought to himself how different his life at school had been from his dull married life. As a football jock, he had been continually surrounded by other model specimens of manhood. He longed for that world of men. In the locker room, their magnificent, nude bodies shimmered with sweat.

When A STRANGER Knocks.

BY JACK DUMAS • ART BY ZITI

John turned off the car and walked briskly into the house. Just one hour earlier he had kissed his wife good-bye at the train station. For at least two weeks she would be staying with her ailing mother—and that meant two weeks of freedom for John.

Going to the bedroom, he hurriedly discarded his clothes. "Free at last!" he exclaimed, as he posed in front of the full-length mirror. Since his wife disapproved of nudity, along with everything else that gave John pleasure, this had become a rare treat in his married life. How he hoped she would stay away longer than she had planned.

He was extremely proud of his body. (He couldn't recall if his wife had ever even seen him totally nude.) He had worked hard at keeping it in premium shape ever since high school. He always enjoyed beholding his naked masculinity. For him, naked athletic men were true works of art, and he was one of those works. Though he wasn't tall, he stood a solid five feet nine, his head crowned with wavy, golden hair. He had no facial hair, and the sharp features of his face retained the innocence of youth. Blue eyes stared back at the 30-year-old who could still pass for a college student.

He thought to himself how different his life had been in school. As a football jock, he had been continually surrounded by other model specimens of manhood. He longed for that word of men—modern gladiators entangled in battles of brawn and guts. In the locker room, their magnificent, nude bodies shimmered with sweat.

He sighed softly. His friends now were flabby and thin. "Well, I still have myself—the last of the gladiators." He groped his solid, bulging pecs. He pinched his tits. After they had become rock-hard, he ran his hand down across his washboard stomach. His seven-inch dick stood erect and pulsating. He stroked the engorged shaft and caressed his muscular body until he shot all over the mirror. Reverently, he

knelt and kissed his reflection, then lapped up his own man-juice.

His freedom had just begun. Leaving the cum-streaked mirror, he went down to the living room. He savored the sensation of his dick flapping free as he walked. As he thought of it, his dick stood up and demanded more attention. He went to the desk and unlocked his personal drawer.

Though his wife knew of its contents, she ignored its existence. In it were his prized videos. He took out his all-time favorite, *Sally and the Football Team*. He sped up the tape to the desired scene: a football player and a female reporter in the locker room. The player swiftly discards his jersey and shorts. He stands only in pads and jock strap, displaying a massive chest covered in a thick coat of black hair. She kneels and releases a thick, uncut, ten-inch dick. The camera moves in to the rod pulsating in front of her face.

John stroked his aroused dick. "Yeah," he moaned, "suck that dick." He loved this sequence the most since it reminded him of the times his roommate had brought girls to their room after he had already gone to bed. In the dim light he would get a marvelous show, and his roommate didn't seem to mind him being there.

Like this football player on the video, John's roommate, Stan, was tall and hairy, the product of Polish ancestry. His height and girth instilled fear and respect in everyone. John had learned earlier, however, that he was really a teddy bear and needed the reassurance of his friendship. Stan had been given the name "Moose" long before he came to college. Most people thought it was on account of his extremely large, well-developed body, but a few knew it was for a particular feature of his anatomy that he had been named. Limp, his dick would hang down between his thighs and swing like a pendulum.

John and Moose had been inseparable in college. So no one could explain why they had suddenly gone their separate ways just a few weeks before graduation. Moose hadn't even been the best man at John's wedding two months after they finished school. But John understood; Moose had revealed something new to him on their last camping trip.

On that fateful night, John was jolted awake by something rubbing against his sweat-drenched ass. After the initial shock, he found the sensation pleasurable. Then the hot breath on his neck had forced him to realize it was Moose's huge staff between his buns. Even while he enjoyed the attention, his mind flooded with moral indignation. But before he could react, Moose slid his hand down John's stomach and seized his dick. John's thoughts both aroused and disgusted him, so he remained motionless, as if he were asleep. Moose's tempo increased at both ends. Upon hearing a stifled cry, John felt Moose's cum splatter on his ass. At that, his own dick exploded. Soon after, Moose, still gripping John's dick, began snoring. John felt Moose's chest hairs brushing against his back and cum slowly flowing down his ass. Cautiously, he removed the hand and crawled out of bed.

After gathering his clothes, he considered the sleeping giant. He couldn't understand how Moose could sleep like a contented child while his own mind was raging in confusion. He yearned to be held again by those strong arms, yet a part of him wanted never to see him again. In frustration, he finally turned and left the tent.

On the ride back to school, neither spoke. John would always remember how Moose's sad, dark eyes implored him for a kind word, but silence was the only thing John could give him.

John never saw Moose again. But after the wedding, his thoughts often wandered to that giant teddy bear. He had realized too late how deeply he missed Moose's company. There were times, like now, when he wondered how different life would have been had he returned to those arms that night.

The memories of Moose's nocturnal conquest filled his mind as he watched the video. In each scene, it was himself lying beneath the handsome giant.

At that moment, his reverie was broken by the doorbell. He turned off the tape and reluctantly put on a robe from the hall closet.

On the porch stood a tall, muscular man in a flannel shirt and worn dungarees. The stranger towered at six feet two, his curly, black hair wind-blown and askew. His bearded face had the rugged look of an outdoorsman. Black hairs sprouted from the opening of his shirt and covered his huge arms. John's eyes wandered to the crotch, where he saw an enormous mound. His dick automatically jumped. Wow, he thought to himself, that thing must be huge!

A deep throaty voice caused him to look up into the man's demanding, black eyes. "My car broke down. Can I use your phone?" Mesmerized by those eyes, John could only nod and make room for the stranger to enter. But when he closed the door, he was roughly grabbed from behind and wrestled to the floor. In the struggle, John found the stranger too powerful. Effortlessly, the man disrobed him and bound his hands behind him with the robe sash. Bound and naked, John lay at the man's feet.

"What do you want?" John stammered.

In reply, the man grabbed his arm and dragged him into the living room. "What do we have here?" the stranger mumbled as he switched on the tape. On the screen, the reporter was intently sucking dick. The stranger reached down and lifted John by the hair. "You like dicks, don't you?" he growled. John froze with fear. This man intended to rape him. He struggled to free himself, only to be jolted into submission. "Don't give me a hard time, fag!"

"I'm no fag!"

"You may not think so, but your dick proves differently."

John stared in disbelief at his rock-hard dick pulsating with each heartbeat. Through all the commotion, he had been oblivious to his crotch. But now he felt the intense hardness, almost to the point of pain. Never had he been this aroused. He watched with fascination as the man rested his boot on John's cock and balls. As pressure was exerted, the dual sensation of pain and pleasure surged through his body. He felt pre-cum oozing onto his stomach.

"You've always wanted dick. Isn't that true?" The stranger exerted more pressure with his boot. "You want this?" he sneered as he groped his crotch.

John stared at the man's bulge with in-

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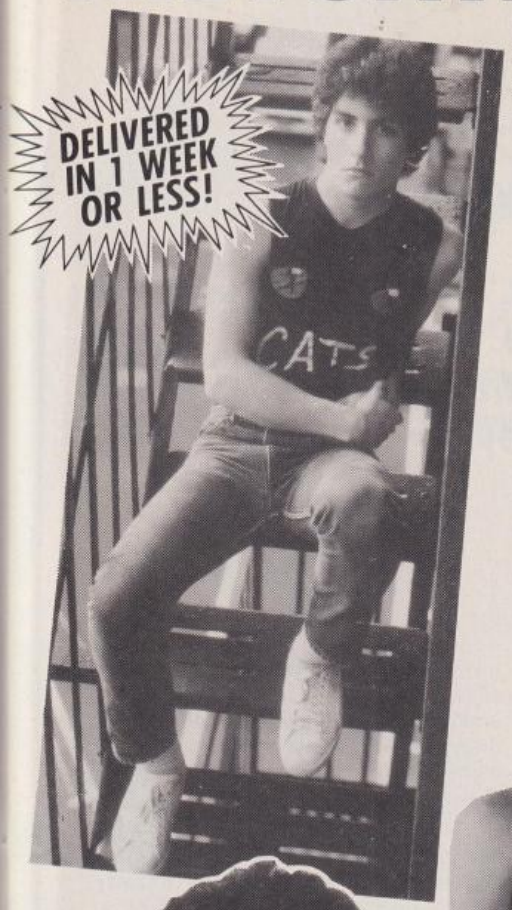

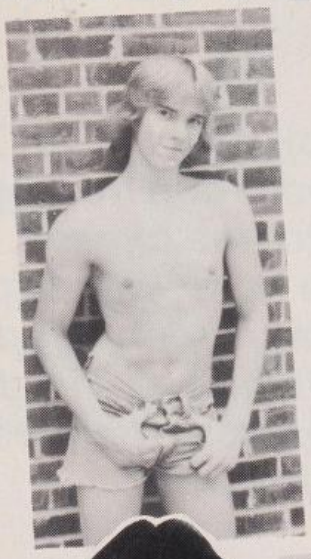

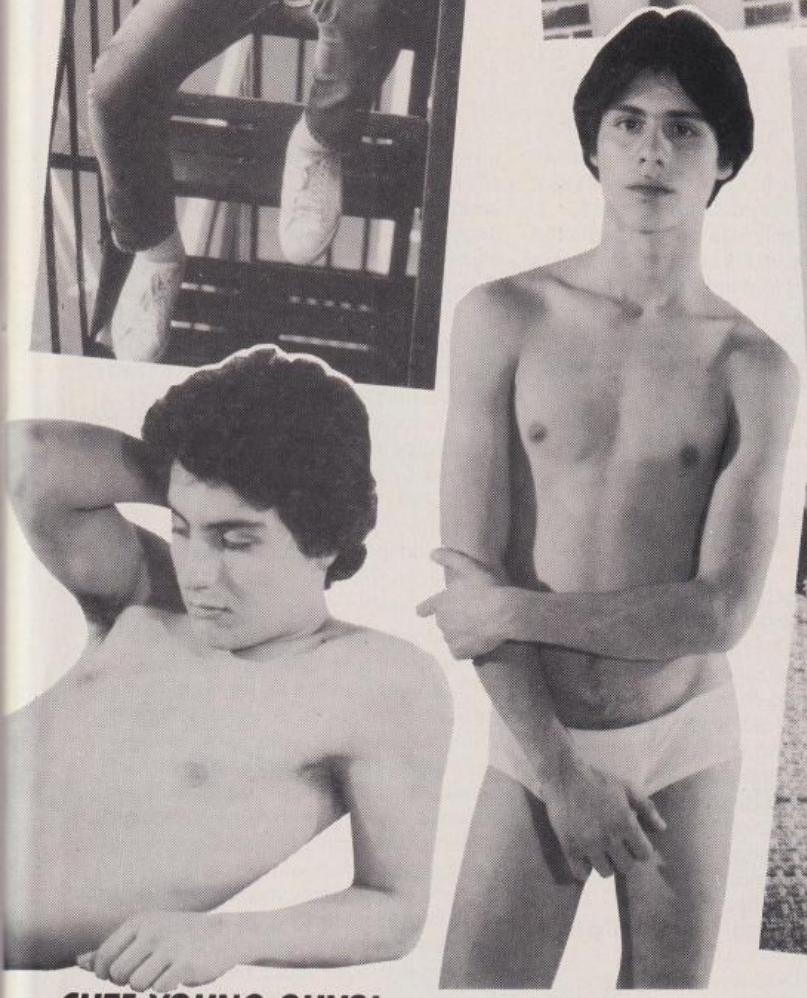

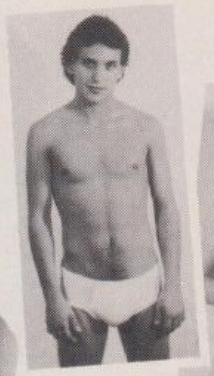

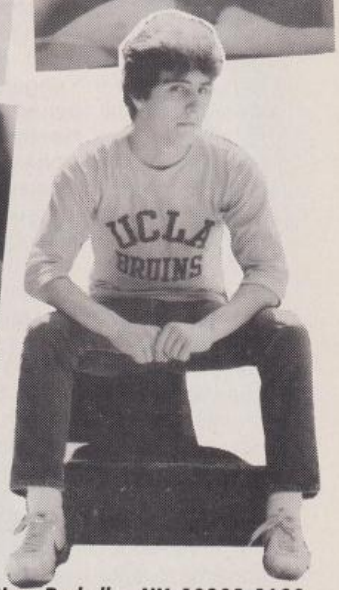

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"You like dicks, don't you?" the stranger growled. John froze with fear. He struggled to free himself. "Don't give me a hard time, fag." "I'm no fag," John cried. "You may not think so," the stranger snarled, "but your dick proves differently."

tense lust. He needed to see that huge dick and feel it in his mouth. "Please let me suck your dick. I need it."

"Well, get up here."

Nervously, John managed to kneel in front of the stranger. Before him, hidden in the tight jeans, hung the root of his desire. The man pulled John's head to his crotch. John kissed it and felt the hardness encased there. As soon as he began mouthing that hardness, the stranger backed away. He took off his shirt to reveal a fully developed torso covered with black hair. Then John saw the engorged, ten-inch dick leap from the opened pants.

Stroking his dick, the stranger brought it back to John's face. John watched in fascination as drops of glistening man-juice appeared on the massive, mushroom head. He finally had the object of years of hidden desire in his mouth. But when half of it was in, he began to gag; his jaws felt like they were going to crack. He tried to pull away, but the stranger, grabbing his neck, jabbed the cock in to the hilt. John struggled for air. Then, as the man withdrew his cock, John realized that his entire body craved it. To John's delight, the stranger started face-fucking him with a passion.

After what seemed to John too brief a time, the stranger pulled him off his dick. John tried to reach it again, but instead he ended up being lifted and thrown over the man's strong shoulder. "Time to get down to serious business," the man laughed as he carried John into the kitchen.

After finding a bottle of cooking oil, he laid John on the kitchen table and knelt between John's legs. "What a beautiful ass!" he sighed, as he gently licked John's hairless, pearly-white mounds. John's entire body reacted immediately to this novel sensation. "I see you like that. You'll like it even better with my dick up your ass."

John's only reply was a moan as he felt the tongue slide up his crack and enter his hole. He pushed forward trying to force the tongue deeper.

"Ah, looks like you're ready for bigger things," he smirked, as he oiled John's asshole and stood over him. John felt the huge head against his hole. Then, with a quick jab, the head entered him. The sudden pain caused his muscles to clamp down.

"Relax those muscles!" The stranger slapped John's ass, lunged, and impaled him.

It was like a hot poker had been rammed up his ass. He screamed.

"Just relax." The man caressed John's chest and played with his tits. Gradually the pain subsided. In its place was intense pleasure. Never had he felt more a part of someone else than at this moment. When the stranger felt the ass relax, he pulled back until only the head was inside. Then slowly the entire dick reentered John's hot, hungry ass. The huge cock impaled him repeatedly. Each plunge caused his own dick to jump in excitement.

"Oh, God, fuck me! Plow that big fucking dick in me!"

The stranger increased the tempo; his balls became heavier. John's own balls were tight, ready to explode. The big, powerful hunk leaned forward and kissed him passionately. The added stimulus of stomach hair brushing against his dick, pushed John's balls to the limit. His body exploded, shooting cum on both their stomachs. At that moment, the stranger grabbed hold of him and shot his own load up his ass. He continued ramming for what seemed an eternity, till they both shot off another load. Finally, exhausted and drenched with sweat and cum, the man came to rest on top of John.

After a short time, the stranger untied him. Then, while gently running his hand through John's golden curls, he bent down and kissed John affectionately. "You really don't remember me, do you?"

John looked up at his gladiator. He reached for that hairy chest and looked into his eyes. Clenching his ass muscles again, he felt the dick inside him start to grow once more.

"You do look familiar somehow."

"I guess the years have changed me. And this beard—didn't used to have one."

Suddenly, the light of recognition shone in John's eyes. "Moose?!"

"Yeah, I've always dreamed of fucking you, little buddy. Everytime in college when I was fucking a girl, it was really you I was fucking. I was sorry about what happened that night we went camping, because I lost you. I've never stopped thinking about you. My friends kept urging me to go see you again, so I finally got up the nerve. When I saw you through the window, naked and jerking off, I went crazy. I had to have you. Please don't push me away again. I love you, little buddy."

John sat up and put his arms around Moose's neck. "I've missed you, too. More than I realized. Till now." He wiggled his ass. "And, I've missed that big dick of yours. Let's go to bed. We have a lot of catching up to do."

Moose's face lit up. He grabbed hold of John's legs and, his dick still implanted in his ass, carried his little buddy off to bed. ■

Mountain Man

Not because he lives in the mountains...

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

Mountain Man

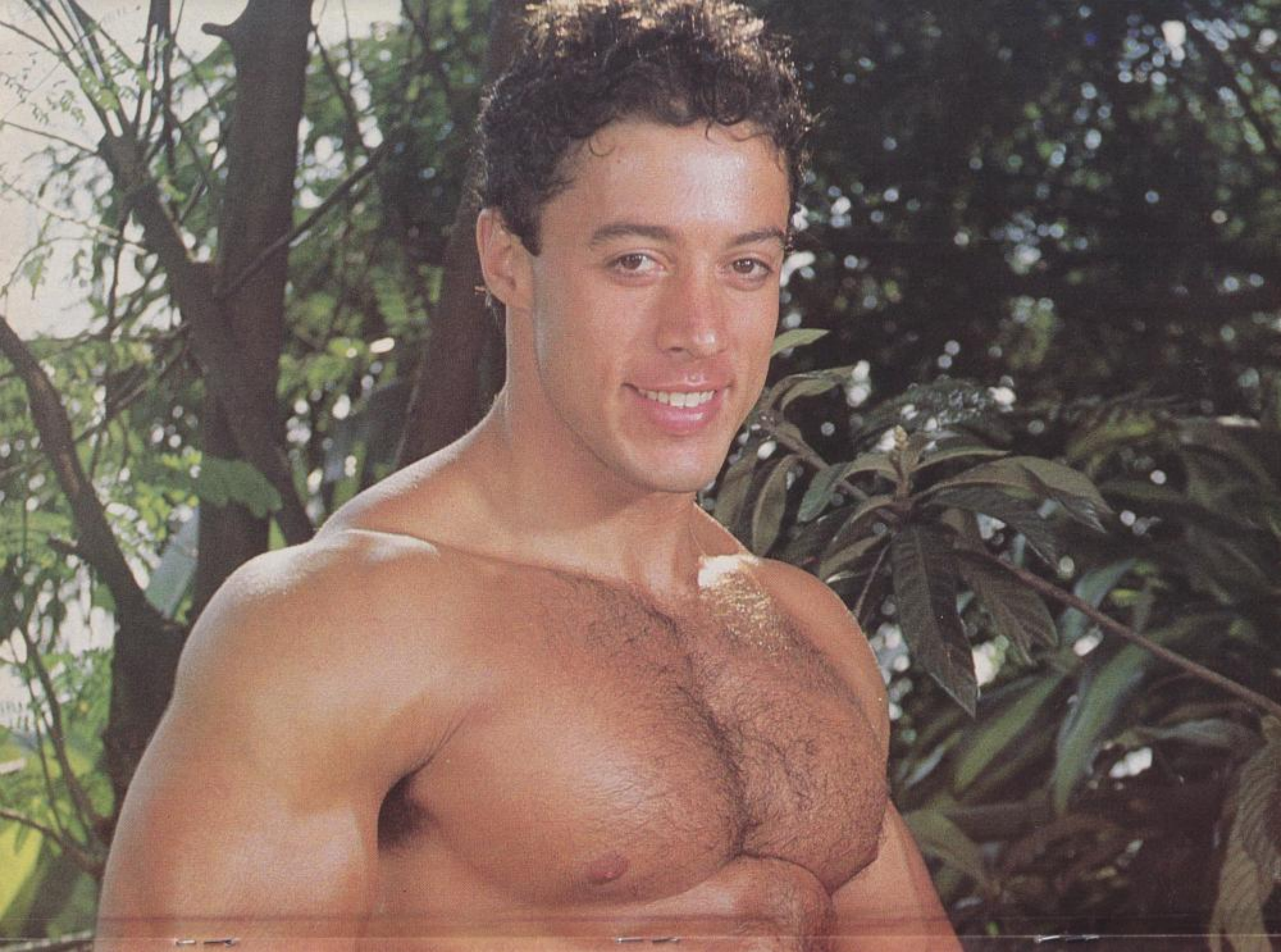
...But because he is built like a mountain.

Mountain Man

He is big, tall, and hard as a boulder. Not only that, but our mountain man makes for a challenging climb.

Mountain Man

If you think you're man enough, then hop on. Climb this mountain man if you can.



Atlanteans are notoriously libidinous, dangerously so for our species, and completely lacking in self control once aroused. Looking at this one now, it was difficult to imagine that the Atlantean's organ could be lethal. In its flaccid state, it was no more than an inch long. But I'd heard the stories...

SEX IN SPACE

BY THOMAS SANTOMARTINO • PHOTO BY PHIL FLASCHE

As we followed the Excalibur's other cargo shuttles into the morning sky of Atlantis, I thanked my lucky stars that, having missed the last passenger ship of the week, I had been able to make a deal with the captain of this freighter. (Later I would curse those stars and, still later, thank them again.) It was costing me a pretty penny, and I'd been warned about the crude conditions on board, but it was a hell of a lot better than losing my job with Interstellar Foods. Back in 2134, as some of you will recall, jobs were scarce.

In the shuttle's cramped cockpit, I was seated between the pilot and the co-pilot, a couple of rough-looking space jocks. Officer Jones, the pilot, was a rugged man—short, about five feet six, but built, really built. His face was full of scars, and his black beard only partly covered them. He had a well-defined upper torso, but there was quite a roll at the mid-section.

"Have a little too much to drink last night, bud?" he asked me, abruptly—and rudely—breaking the silence. "'Sthat why you missed the Starliner?"

"Just overslept," I answered flatly.

Jones and the co-pilot, Officer Lupo, laughed. "So you *did* have a good time," quipped Lupo.

To my quizzical look, Jones replied, "We was on shore leave, saw you at Man's Man, saw you cruisin' some officer-type."

In those days, Man's Man was the only bar on Atlantis that catered exclusively to gay men. It was always crowded. No wonder I hadn't noticed these two.

I took a good look at Lupo. He was better-looking than Jones—six feet tall, muscular, wavy brown hair, a thick Fu Manchu moustache—but his green eyes were bloodshot, he was thoroughly unkempt, and he smelled as if he hadn't bathed in days. The two lugs were excellent specimens of machismo. But I prefer my men a little neater, and a lot more intelligent.

My stomach began to flutter as I tried to adjust to the gradual loss of gravity. Below us, Atlantis was a speckled blue-and-green ball. Ahead, the metallic bulk of the freighter Excalibur glowed against the black backdrop of space. I could see the first in the line of six shuttles entering the huge bay. We'd be docking soon—none *too* soon for me.

"This is your lucky day. The three of us are gonna have one helluva party tonight," said Jones. With his spare hand, the other on the controls, he reached over and grasped my crotch. "Not a bad piece of meat."

If I hadn't been strapped in, I would have leapt from my seat. The man had the grip of a steel vise. "Get your hand off me!" I ordered, forcibly removing it.

"What's wrong, Thorton? We not good enough for you?" Lupo snapped.

We were entering the Excalibur now, our tiny shuttle dwarfed by the cavern-like bay, and fortunately the men had to concentrate on what they were doing. They maneuvered the craft through the passageway and lowered it smoothly to the landing deck. I had to admire them for their skill.

On the control board monitor I could see the Excalibur's bay door shut. Instantly pressurization began, and the feeling of total weightlessness. It was an experience I'd not had since I was a teenager, which is when all the passenger ships were equipped with artificial gravity.

The hatch was opened and I unstrapped myself and followed Jones and Lupo into the bay. I was careful to place my adhesive shoes down firmly on the walkway, which was the only thing that kept me from flying into the air.

"All personnel report to the acceleration room," ordered a husky voice from the ship's communicator. "We will jump into negative space in five minutes." I recognized the voice of Captain Burton. Evidently the Excalibur was a lot older than I had thought. All ships constructed since 2109 had time-space compensators. This crate actually had to accelerate before leaping into the continuum.

Jones and Lupo were leaving me in the dust. We were the last personnel to leave the bay, and I didn't know my way around a cargo ship, so I hurried to catch up with

Photo by McEarthy

them. If I wasn't in an acceleration couch when the ship left the system, I knew I could be seriously injured. In my haste, I lost my contact with the deck, tumbled forward, and plowed right into the two men.

"What the hell are you trying to do, asshole!" Jones barked.

I was hanging in mid-air, red as a beet. Lupo reached out and grabbed me by the belt and pulled me back to the deck. "If you get all banged up, we won't be able to have any fun later on," he teased.

I bit my tongue and let myself be led like a little boy through a series of hatches and corridors and into the acceleration room, where the entire 20-man crew, with the exception of the five in the control room, were assembled. They all seemed to be of the same type as my escorts, and Jones and Lupo strapped me into one of the vertical couches to a chorus of crude remarks. I heard the hatch shut and seal behind us. By the time Lupo and Jones were in place, one on each side of me, the captain's voice returned: "Ship secured. We have cleared orbit and are ready to jump into negative space."

The pressure built rapidly, and I was pushed back into the pad. The organs and tissues of my body were flattened by the G-force until I felt like a pancake. Then everything went black.

When I came to, I found myself in a small, featureless room, strapped into a hammock, which in this type of ship served as a bed. I looked at my watch. I'd been asleep all day! Something was wrong here. What had happened to me? I shouldn't have been out that long.

I was just starting to unstrap myself when my door slid open and in stepped the hunkiest man I'd ever seen. His loose-fitting gray uniform did not conceal the rock-solid, sharply defined body beneath, and his face was a genuine work of art—square jaw, firm lips, a trim handlebar moustache. His eyes were steel gray and clear, his short, neat hair sandy-blond.

"I see you're awake," he said, his voice familiar. "When you passed out, I had the ship's medic give you a mild sedative. There's nothing much for a passenger to do on this ship except sleep, and I didn't want you to get in the way of my men. They can be pretty hot-headed. Incidentally, I'm Captain Malcome Burton. I spoke with you on the communicator yesterday."

He extended his hand and we shook. I was a little in shock. I had imagined the captain of this tub as bald, fat, and middle-aged. This handsome and immaculate specimen was not a day over 40. "It's good to meet you, Captain Burton. I'm Jim Thorton."

"Call me Malcome. That is, if I can call you Jim."

"Please do."

"How was your trip up, Jim?"

"Fine, except for Officers Jones and Lupo. They're a little. . . pushy. Which I don't like. I suppose I should have been flattered, but I prefer a little more finesse. Those two don't interest me at all."

"Yes, I'm afraid they are a bit on the sleazy size, but they're good workers." Then, winking, he added, "And I can't blame them for trying."

"I'd just as soon they don't try again—anything."

"I'll have a talk with them later. Hungry?"

"Starved."

"Good. Come with me."

I'd love to, I thought. But I didn't say it—promise.

Malcome escorted me to the mess hall. When he entered the room, the volume level of the grunts and groans and boisterous chatter dropped considerably. Jones, Lupo, and another man were sitting alone at a table, an obvious look of disgust on the faces of the pilot and co-pilot, but they nodded respectfully to their captain just like everybody else.

Malcome seated me to his right and introduced me to his officers, all of them off duty since, once the ship was in negative space, it was under computer control until the transition back to normal space. The bridge officers were a totally different breed from the crew—intelligent, cultivated, charming—and I was very happy to be among them.

The cook brought our meal tubes to the table. (It was buffet-style for the crew). In zero gravity, hot foodstuffs can be hazardous. It wasn't what I would have called a gourmet's delight, but it was tasty and filling, and the conversation was fun and stimulating.

Malcome questioned me about my job, and even inquired if his ship could possibly be commissioned by Interstellar Foods. I told him that it was possible if his bid was competitive enough, which I assumed it would be, considering the economy of a ship like the Excalibur. And I offered to put in a good word for him. He was quite resistant to personal questions, evasive even. But he wasn't off-putting in this regard, just, it seemed to me, a very private type of man. I couldn't help but respect him for this. Just as I couldn't help wanting to get past it.

After the other officers had left the table, Malcome invited me to visit his quarters later that evening. I was more than pleased to accept, of course, and relieved by what seemed a loosening up on his part once we were alone. His shyness only added to his charm, particularly considering his position as captain and owner of his own ship.

"I'll look forward to a nice, long visit, Jim. I have some reports to file first, but that shouldn't take more than a couple of hours. I'll pick you up at your cabin. Can you find your way back?"

"Oh, sure. I have no problem retracing my steps. It's just finding my way the first time."

"Well then, if you'll excuse me."

I finished my desert and then rose to leave, noticing on my way out that Jones and Lupo and their friend had already left.

When I entered my cabin I was surprised to find the light out. I was certain I'd left it on when I left with the captain for dinner. When I stepped into the room, the hatch automatically closed behind me, plunging the room into total darkness. I fumbled for the switch, but what I found instead was a man's shoulder. The hair stood up on the nape of my neck and I gasped. Around me I heard the rumble of coarse laughter. Then the light came on, revealing Jones, Lupo, and the other guy pressed tightly around me in the confines of my tiny cabin.

I hadn't noticed the stranger's size when I'd seen him sitting at the table. He was at least seven feet tall, very thin, and he stared down at me with squinted beady eyes. He was bald; in fact, as far as I could see, he was completely hairless. I'd never been so close to a native Atlantean before.

"This is our friend Ouch. Guess how he got his name," said Jones.

"I'd rather not."

"Have a good time kissing up to the captain?" sneered Lupo.

"I enjoyed myself at dinner, yes."

"We came to give you a chance to reconsider our generous offer," said Jones.

"And what if I'm still not interested?"

"We still are—especially Ouch. He likes you a lot, don't you, Ouch." The Atlanteans do not speak, of course, but Jones seemed pretty adept with their elaborate language of gestures, and Ouch's answer was clear even to me. Yes, he liked me very much. "It's bad form to turn down an invitation from an Atlantean, you know."

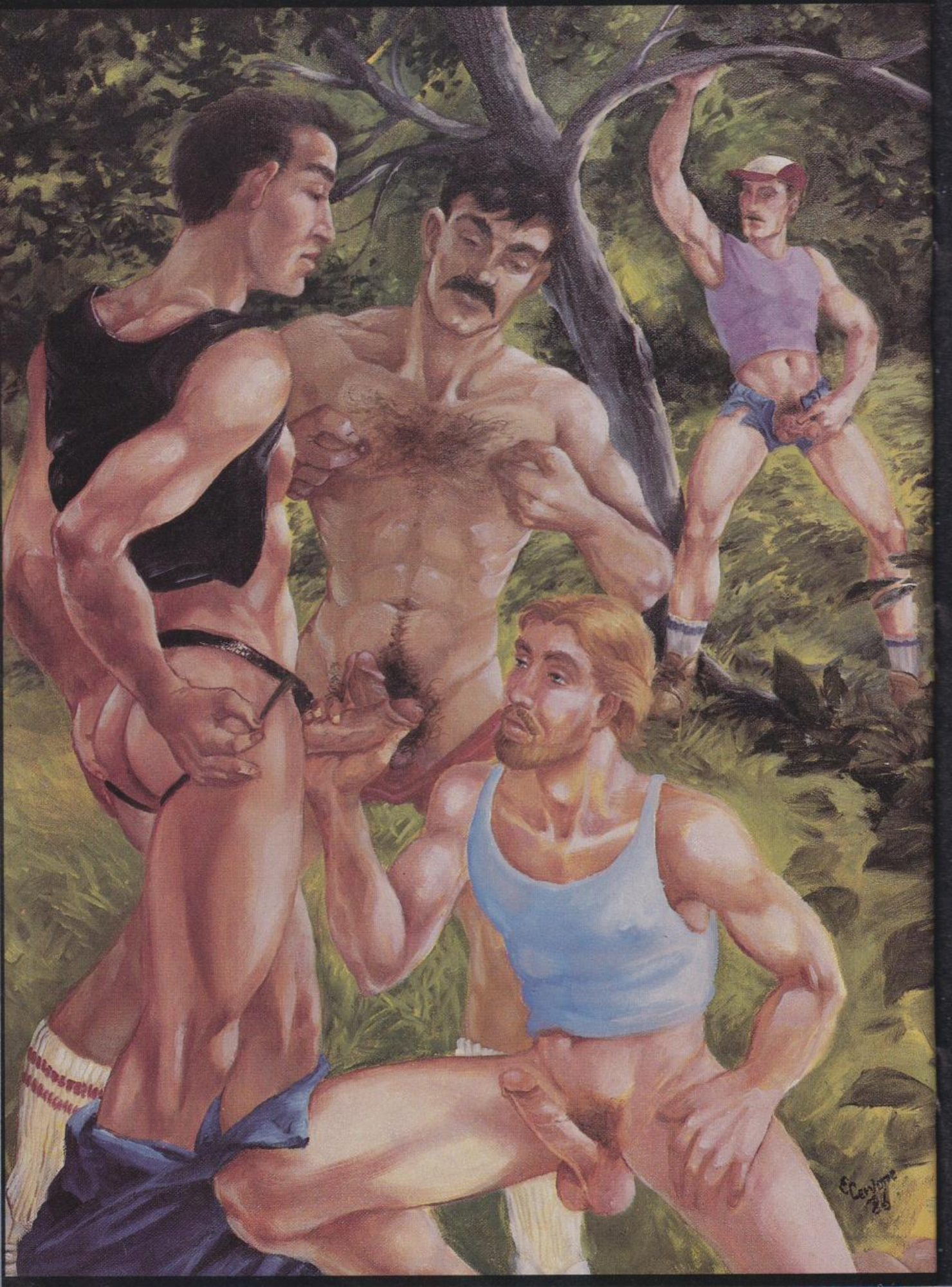
"And it's against the law for humans to have sex with them," I warned.

"But in space, there ain't no law, except the captain's. And the captain ain't around."

I knew what was about to happen. I just didn't know how far they were prepared to go. About two seconds later I knew. Jones whipped out his laser, Lupo whipped out a coil of rope and a couple of kerchiefs, and before I had a chance to protest further, I was being carried off down the corridor—bound and gagged and blindfolded.

It was a long journey. I heard hatch door after hatch door open and close. The temperature grew cooler, the air slightly thinner, and the rhythmic pounding of the ship's reaction drive told me that we were somewhere near the engine room when they finally stopped and put me down.

Continued to page 58



WATCHING

BY DAVID MAY • ART BY EDDIE CERVONE

I like to watch. I like to see guys get off, see them sweat, hear them grunt when they come. Porno's okay, but I like to watch real men do it, not actors. I like to see them sweat. I like to smell the man-sex. Bath houses are good sometimes, but too many of the guys do it in those little rooms where I can't see them fucking.

I used to go to the parks. I used to see a lot of men there, but now they've stopped coming. Buena Vista was my favorite park for watching. I would hide in the bushes and sit still until the action started—and it always did. I learned a long time ago to be patient. I could sit in this one place, a clump of bushes, for hours because it was at the end of the path. Guys would go there for privacy and not see me sitting on my stump, stroking my rod—which is kind of long, with a fat head—and watching them suck each other's dicks. Sometimes they'd see me and tell me to beat it, but mostly they didn't know I was there, or if they did, they didn't care.

But I want to tell you about one time in particular. It was a real warm day in June, years ago. I didn't go to work, and neither did a lot of other people. I saw some at another park, Du Boce, as I walked by on my way to Buena Vista. They were just laying around, all brown and sweaty in their little bathing suits—real hot. I knew some of the faces because I'd seen the guys screwing in different places. I sort of smiled to myself as I passed by them: I knew something real special about them and they didn't know I knew.

I walked up the hill and around the park to see who was there. Lots of guys were hanging around along the main path, sitting on benches, smoking, talking. They either were about to get it off or had just done it. I looked them over carefully and tried to guess who I'd get to watch later on.

I went down into a little hollow and saw two men kissing. One of them was chunky, real muscular with kind of a stomach; in a few years he'd be what they call a daddy. Anyway, the guy he was with was kind of boyish-looking but had a real nice beard, and he was chewing on those sweaty daddy tits and licking the armpits. Then they got back to necking and started checking out each other's equipment. I got closer to them and could see the drool slipping off their tongues and onto their chins and how they licked it off each other with all the sweat. The chunky one took a hit of poppers and saw me watching. He offered me a hit but I just shook my head; I was already high on the way they smelled and looked, sweaty and ready to pop their loads.

The bearded guy dropped his pants as he knelt down and opened the daddy's fly, pulled out this real hefty dick and sucked it all down. He was going crazy on that meat, slurping and sucking at it like it was candy. I pulled out my own dick and started stroking it, but stayed a few feet away so they'd know I didn't want to join them. See, I usually don't do anything when I go out but watch and get off by myself.

So they're going at it and this other stud in a pair of running shorts walks up. He was real dark, really hairy all over, and had this real thick black moustache and a heavy stubble—the kind that never goes away no matter how close they shave. He walks up to them and pulls out his dick and starts stroking it. Then he and the chunky one were kissing each other and the cocksucker couldn't make up his mind which big dick he wanted to suck on the most and kept switching from one piece of meat to the other. Then he got up with his mouth still sucking on the chunky guy's dick and started spreading his ass cheeks with his hands. So the third guy, the real dark, hairy fucker, just rammed it between those pretty white cheeks and pumped that hole so hard and so fast that the cocksucker had to hold onto the chunky guy to keep from falling over. But the cocksucker was moaning and groaning and really loving it. Then the fucker got his rocks off, stuck his meat back under his shorts, and walked away like nothing happened.

The chunky guy was real hot by now. He bent the cocksucker against a tree and started fucking him real easy like, taking his time, enjoying the ride. The guy getting fucked relaxed against the tree and really got into it, stroking his own meat. I watched them both get off, building up to a lather, the topman twisting his partner's tits real hard as he got close. Then we all came at the same time. The chunky guy doing the fucking held the other guy tight with his big muscled daddy arms and kept his cock inside as the bottom splattered a load on a

pile of dead leaves. I could smell the cum from where I stood a few feet away and shot my wad like a geyser, spurting the jizm three or four feet across the dirt.

They started kissing again and I decided to climb to the top of the park to get some sun and see who was there.

A road leads to the top of the hill from the street. It's just for official city park trucks, but sometimes guys would ride their motorcycles up the hill and hang out together in their leather, talking, maybe getting a little head from some hungry-looking faggot making eyes at them from the edge of the bushes. They were there again this afternoon. I'd seen them before, watched them get off fucking guys who dug their leather.

Like I said, it was a real warm day and they were sweating in their leather vests, chaps, Levi's, and heavy boots. The sweat ran down their faces, but they didn't seem to care. I wanted to get close enough to smell the leather and the sweat mixed together, but more than that, I wanted to watch them when they got off. I found a spot a little out of sight, took off my shirt, and lay in the sun. It felt real good, so I just lay back to bide my time.

After a while, say an hour or so, it happened.

The guy I'd seen getting fucked every which way down in the bushes, the one with the real pretty beard, went up to one of the leather men, a big guy with shaggy blond hair and a week's worth of beard who was smoking a cigar. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but the leather man looked over at his buddy and nodded in the cocksucker's direction. His buddy wasn't quite as tall but was really muscular, with dark hair and a dark beard—and reflector sunglasses so you could never tell what was going on in his head.

The blond leather man was talking to the guy coming on to him as the dark-bearded leather man casually swung off his bike, lit a cigarette, and walked around. I knew what was going on; I've got a sixth sense when it comes to stuff like this.

The dark-bearded leather man walked back over to the bikes and came up from behind the cocksucker talking to his friend. The leather men looked at each other half a second, and then the blond grabbed the cocksucker's head and rubbed the guy's face in his crotch. At the same moment, the other leather man grabbed the guy's ass and pulled his jeans down. The next thing I knew, both leather men had their cocks out and were going at it. The blond was fucking the guy's face and pulling on his hair to keep his dick in the cocksucker's throat, like a knife in a sheath, while his buddy was pounding away at the guy's asshole, slapping the butt cheeks with his open palm and yelling at the guy to keep the hole nice and tight.

I couldn't believe it was happening like that, out in the open in broad daylight. Other guys started coming out of the bushes to watch. I decided to start pulling on my pud even if everyone could see me, but I stayed close to the bushes so I could run in case the cops showed up.

Pretty soon a whole lot of other guys were going at it, roughing each other up and sucking dick and fucking ass. I couldn't get enough of it. Eventually I got up close to watch, but I kept moving from one little crowd to the next, getting off on watching the action and smelling that leather, sweat, and cum in the open air. It was wild. I came a couple of times before one of the leather men, the blond one, grabbed me and told me to empty a load into some cocksucker's mouth.

"Hey, man, I just like to watch, you know? Let me go."

"Yeah, I saw you watching. Now get involved."

I tried to get away, but he pulled a knife out of nowhere and told me to do it, to shoot a load for his "little friend" (that's what he called the cocksucker) to eat. I was scared shitless as I started to pulling on my rod; I didn't know if I had any cum left. The cocksucker was kneeling in front of me with an open mouth, real good-looking with no shirt on and a pierced nipple—the kind I like to watch. He started licking my balls.

I looked around hoping someone would see the knife and come to help me, but they were all too busy doing their thing to care what was going on around them. As I watched them, my cock got hard again. I saw the other leather man kiss some cocksucker then force him to his knees to suck dick. I saw the original cocksucker getting fucked from both ends again by two different guys, while others waited in line for a chance to shoot their loads up his ass or down his throat. Then the really burly guy I'd seen fuck ass down in the bushes came up and started to fuck the guy I was supposed to feed my load to.

I screamed out loud, I was so turned on, and I shot for the fifth time that day. The cocksucker lapped up the cum I fed into his mouth, then licked the leftovers off my hand. I fell back into the blond leather man's arms. He kissed me like he was eating my mouth, and held me in a lip lock for a few minutes while he stroked another load from his meat for his "little friend" to eat. We broke our kiss when he came. Then he just gave my ass a little slap and said, "All right."

Things were starting to break up now and someone said he'd seen a cop car down on the main road. Everyone pulled their pants up or stumbled back into the bushes.

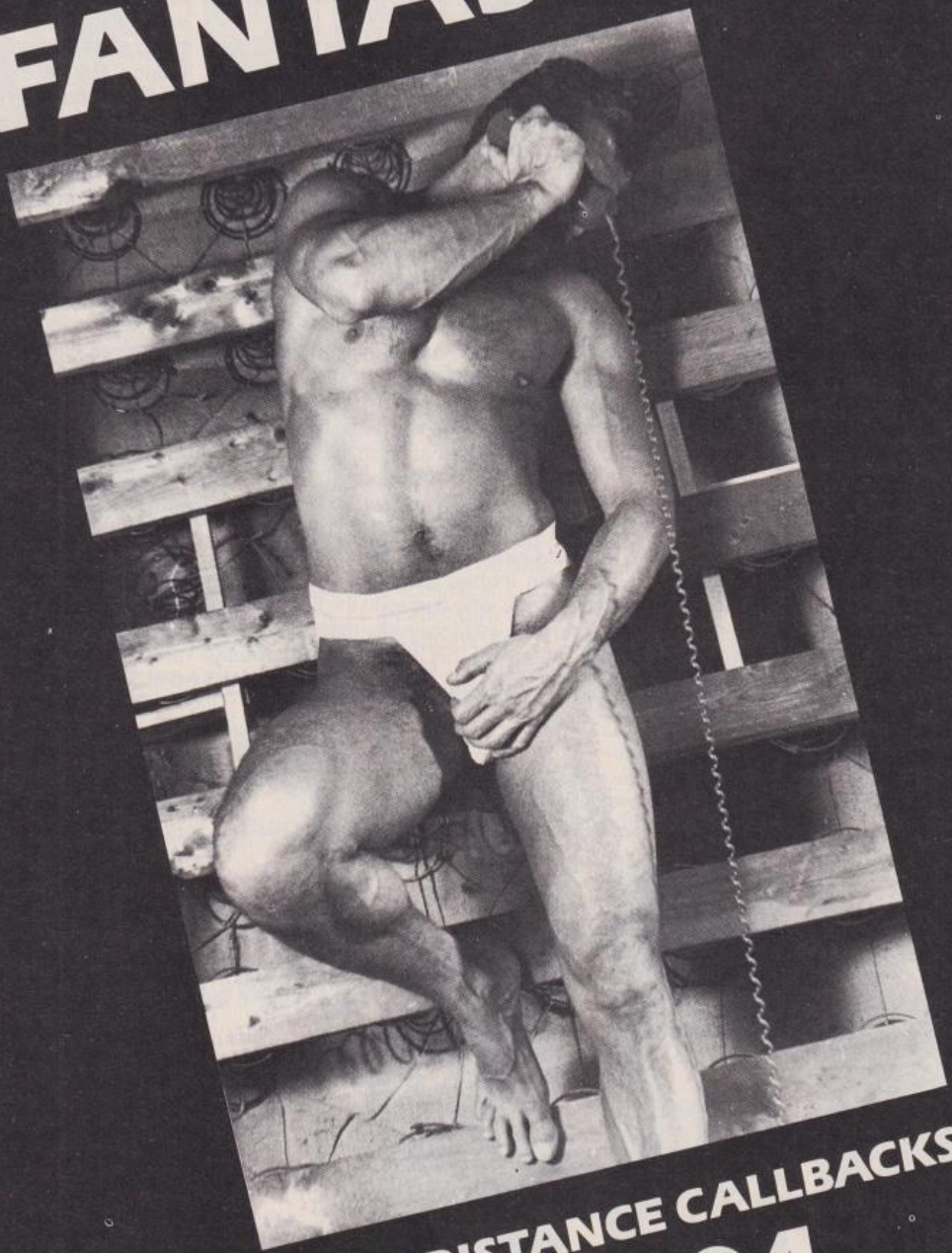
I turned back to leather man.

"Thanks," I said.

"Thanks?" he asked. "Fuck, man, you started it. I get off on being watched." ■

I watched a bearded guy drop his pants as he knelt down and opened the fly of a daddy type. He pulled out this real hefty dick and sucked it all down. He was going crazy on that dick. I stayed a few feet away so they would know I didn't want to join them. I usually don't do anything but watch and get off by myself.

FANTASY MEN



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SEX IN SPACE

Continued from page 53

"We're gonna untie you now and remove the gag," said Jones. "You can scream bloody murder if you wanta. Nobody'll hear you. And the hatch door don't open on verbal command—not unless you know the password."

The ropes were removed, and my clothing, but not the blindfold. My cock and balls were grasped roughly, pulled on and fondled. A finger plunged into my asshole. There was snickering and the sounds of the others undressing. New bonds were fastened to my wrists and ankles, and my limp, floating body was suspended from above my head and anchored below me. I was spread-eagle. Because of the weightlessness I was under no strain, but I would not say that I was comfortable.

"Take the blindfold off 'im, Lupo. Let him see what he's got comin'."

From behind me, Lupo followed Jones' order. The room was amazingly bright, and I was blinded at first. But gradually I could see that I was in the ship's exercise and fitness room, which was surprisingly well-equipped and very tidy. There were spring-resistance bars for keeping muscles in shape during long trips at zero-G. There was a steam cabinet, pressurized shower stalls, and various specialized grooming devices. I was sure my muscular captives had often availed themselves of the exercise equipment, and just as certain they had never used the shower, the steam, or the grooming devices.

Opposite me, Ouch too was naked and bound to the ceiling and floor. I knew why he was bound, of course. Atlanteans are notoriously libidinous, dangerously so for our species, and completely lacking in self-control once aroused. If Lupo and Jones were to let Ouch *get* aroused and then unleash him on me, they'd be guilty of murder, and I couldn't believe they were stupid enough to risk that. So I assumed that part of their fun was going to be torturing Ouch with the sight of pleasures he'd not be allowed to partake in. Looking at him now, it was difficult to imagine that the Atlantean's organ could be lethal. In its flaccid state, it was no more than an inch long, scarcely half an inch in diameter.

But I'd heard the stories.

My attention was drawn to Lupo as he floated into my line of vision, blocking my view of Ouch. His fully erect cock was a good ten inches long and frighteningly thick. Jones, who floated to the floor beside his partner, was less hairy than Lupo, and his chest, like his face, was hideously scarred. His dick was easily as long as Lupo's and even fatter.

My cock, like Ouch's, was completely limp.

"What a shame," said Jones. "It's gonna make this awful unpleasant for the fella to go through all he's gonna go through without a hard-on. 'Course, if we gave that thing a little attention it might rise to the occasion. But we ain't gonna, Thorton. You had your chance. We ain't good enough for ya, so we'll just go about our business and let you stay soft."

"That's fine with me. Nothing you could do would turn me on anyway."

"Maybe not. But Ouch here's a different story. It's easy to turn him on. If one of us, say, was hairless like him, why he'd warm up right away. Now, Lupo an' me, we like hairy men, and both of us likes bein' hairy ourselves. But we gotta think of our friend. So what we figure we'll do is give you a little shave so Ouch can get turned on, too."

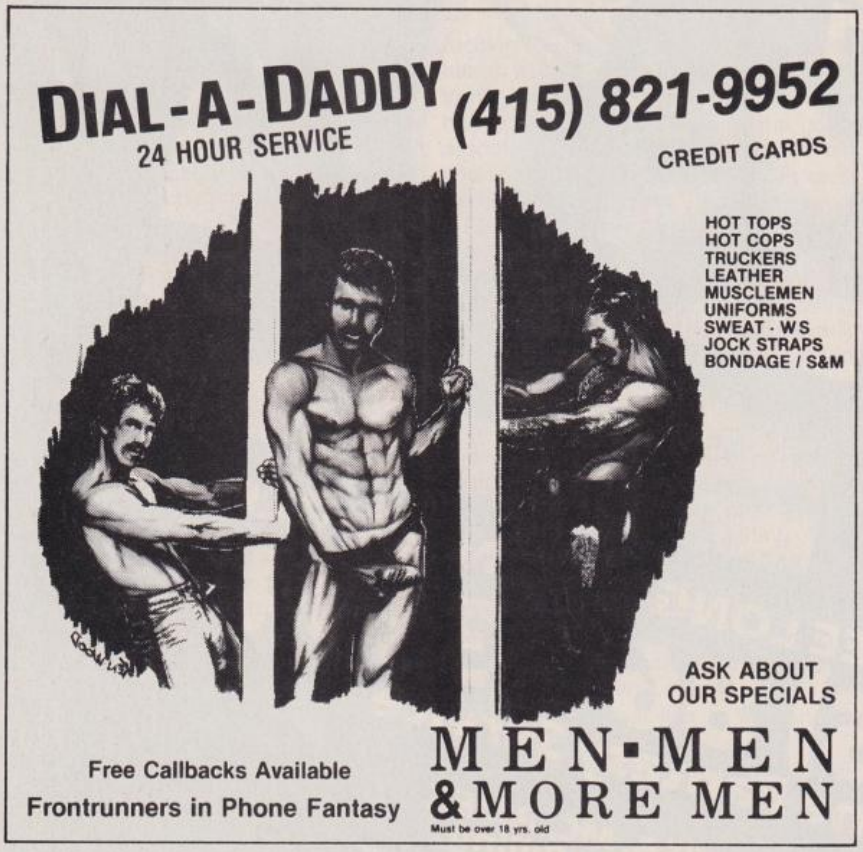
With that, Jones sprung himself toward a nearby cabinet. Momentarily he was hovering in front of me again, with a vacuum hair clipper in his hand. He switched it on and it began to hum. He started with the tops of my feet and worked all the way up to my scalp. "Whadaya say I leave this mat on the top of his head, Lupo? I don't think it'll bother Ouch none, and it'll give you an' me somethin' to grab onto."

"Good idea," said Lupo.

Jones' body blocked Ouch's view of me. The simple-minded Atlantean—to this day no one's ever been able to train them for anything except the most routine menial tasks—had no idea what was happening, until it had happened. But the moment Jones drew away from me, revealing to Ouch my now completely hairless body, it was as if a naked Atlantean had suddenly been put in front of him, just out of his reach.

He smiled innocently. He had no idea that his bindings would prevent him from approaching the object of his desire; not until he tried to do so. And when he did, it did not occur to him that his "friends" were the cause of this; a true Atlantean, he was incapable of thinking ill of others. He simply struggled helplessly against the restraints—as if the bonds themselves were his enemies—all the while staring at me, his expression a piteous combination of animal frustration and sweet, painful lust. Pain, in fact, was most likely what he was feeling most strongly. I'm sure you've all studied the Atlanteans in interplanetary biology classes, but until you've seen one in the grip of arousal, you can't imagine how desperate it makes them for release. Once you *have* seen it, you never forget.

For a moment, I was relieved of the sight,



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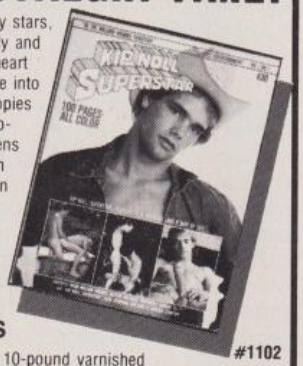

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as Jones and Lupo stepped in front of me. "It's playtime," said Jones. He launched himself into the air. When his crotch was even with my mouth, he reached down and grabbed my hair and shoved his cock between my lips. As Jones pushed himself down my throat, Lupo slipped a condom over my cock. I guess he just couldn't accept the fact that the sight and feel of him and his partner were not going to get me hard—even though putting me through whatever they were going to put me through without an erection was supposedly their way of punishing me.

I relaxed my jaws as much as possible to avoid being strangled by Jones' cock. My nostrils filled with the smell of his rank and sweaty groin as he began to pump in and out.

"Suck!" he commanded. "Suck me, you asshole! Hey, Lupo, he don't wanta do his part."

Lupo applied clamps to my tits, and I howled in pain as he began to tighten them. "You better cooperate like my buddy wants you to, or I'll just have to twist these things off."

I sucked, I gagged, and I almost retched. But I kept on sucking. Lupo did not loosen the clamps in the slightest; the cold metal bit deeper into my flesh every time I was jostled. But at least he stopped tightening them. Had he continued, I have no doubt my tits *would* have been twisted off.

Jones kept fucking my face until, from the sounds he was making, he was almost ready to come. I prayed he would, on the chance that maybe, just maybe that would mean I was closer to the end of this ordeal. But just before he reached the point of no return, he yanked out of me, lowered himself to the floor, raised his partner by the hips, turned him around, and shoved his filthy ass into my face. I was ordered to lick, and threatened with further tightening of the tit clamps.

I licked.

Meantime, Jones moved around to my rear and shoved himself inside and started pumping away. Both Jones and Lupo were extremely vocal with their pleasure, and their grunts and moans would have drowned out anything—anything except the bizarre, ear-piercing cries of the Atlantean, still blocked from my view.

After I had thoroughly reamed Lupo out, he turned around and presented his bloated cock. I made no attempt to resist. It would have been hopeless, of course. For what seemed like hours, and in reality must have been more than half an hour, I was rammed without mercy at both ends. At last the intensity of their grunts told me that they were on the edge of orgasm. And this time, thank Ganymede, there was no stopping them. I didn't think I could endure another minute of their fucking.

The dual explosion was gut wrenching, and I swear I could feel their twin loads of cum rushing from opposite directions into my stomach. But at last it was over. They pulled out of me and, with uncharacteristic grace, floated themselves to the floor at my feet.

They were silent for a few moments, except for their panting. Then Lupo looked up at me, and a bitter scowl twisted his already ugly features. "Say, Jones, look at 'im. He's still soft."

Jones looked up at my crotch and matched Lupo's scowl with his own. "So, you prissy little twerp, you just couldn't resist the opportunity to show us how much you think of us, huh? I reckon you've showed us all right. First time I ever fucked a man stayed soft all through it. 'Course it's the first time I ever fucked a twerp. 'Guess our equipment's just not up to your standards. Well, buddy, we sure don't wanta be impolite an' leave you unsatisfied, so I reckon we'll just hafta turn Ouch loose on you. It's for damn sure *he's* big enough to satisfy you."

Truth was, of course, Ouch would soon be big enough to *kill* me—or anybody else of the earth species Homo sapiens. The wisdom of whatever god had designed these creatures was to insure their procreation by making sexual arousal an excruciatingly painful experience, and once Atlanteans were aroused there was no end to the pain without orgasm. It's been found that this can be accomplished with masturbation, but the Atlanteans have never learned to do this for themselves. So once they get turned on, to relieve themselves of the pain they are compelled to fuck.

Which is fine as long as the partner is an Atlantean. For me, penetration by this innocent brute would mean unendurable agony and certain death. At the moment, the agony was all poor Ouch's. The Atlantean's penis was turgid now, though no longer than before. This is the first stage of erection for his species. The stiffness allows the initial penetration. Then, once contact is made with the soft lining of the male or female anus, it starts to grow, and grow, and grow.

Lupo and Jones were laughing now at the terror in my eyes. And I was terrified. It was obvious they were crazy enough to kill me, which is exactly what they were about to do, as they began to untie Ouch.

"You don't have to worry right away, buddy," Jones teased. "After he puts this thing in you, it'll swell real nice an' slow like. Takes almost five minutes to get to its full 18 inches. We know. We've done this before, right, Lupo?"

"Yeah, down on Atlantis. This guy thought we was mad at him at first when we tied him up in the woods and stripped him and shaved him and turned our Atlant friend here loose on 'im. Then when that cock started growin' in 'im he got this big smile on his face, said it was the best thing he'd ever felt, better'n a fist fuck even. He kept on grinnin' an' got a big hard-on himself. Then he lost his grin *and* his hard-on. Then he lost his mind. Then: bang! And he lost his life."

The bang they were talking about was the sudden release of what was now causing Ouch so much torture, that incredible protrusion from his abdomen, similar in shape but about twice the size of a football. That's the way they do it on Atlantis. Turn 'em on and this egg forms and swells up in the abdomen, on the outside of the stomach lining. All Atlanteans, male and female, have a highly elastic pouch at the top of their rectum (18 inches from the anal opening) that's perfectly suited to receiving and incubating the egg. The human body, however, has no such accommodation, and since, as the old saying goes, something's gotta give, what gives is the body. It explodes, the mid-portion anyway, that part containing the stomach and the lungs and the heart, among other rather vital pieces of equipment. Actually the 18-inch erection is enough to finish off most people, those of us who haven't been prepared by years of fisting. I prayed that would be the case with me. If I had to die a painful death, I wanted it to be over as soon as possible.

Ouch's feet were loose now. Jones and Lupo, knives in hand, reached for the ropes binding his arms. They leered at me as, at they same time, they severed them.

In an instant Ouch was upon me. He was so delirious with pain and lust I thought at first he might not be able to find my asshole. I was wrong, of course.

The swelling was slow, as Lupo and Jones had promised, but it began immediately. Ouch caressed me lovingly, even though his agony would continue until the sudden expulsion of the egg—which would mean instant death for me and an intense orgasm for him, made all the sweeter by the sudden obliteration of his pain. He had no idea, of course, how terrified I was. As far as he knew, I wanted what he had to give as much as he wanted to give it. He reached around me and stroked my penis. The swelling inside me was not uncomfortable yet; in fact, it was quite pleasurable, and this, combined with his touching tenderness, stimulated me to arousal. As my organ swelled in his fingers, Ouch purred sweetly.

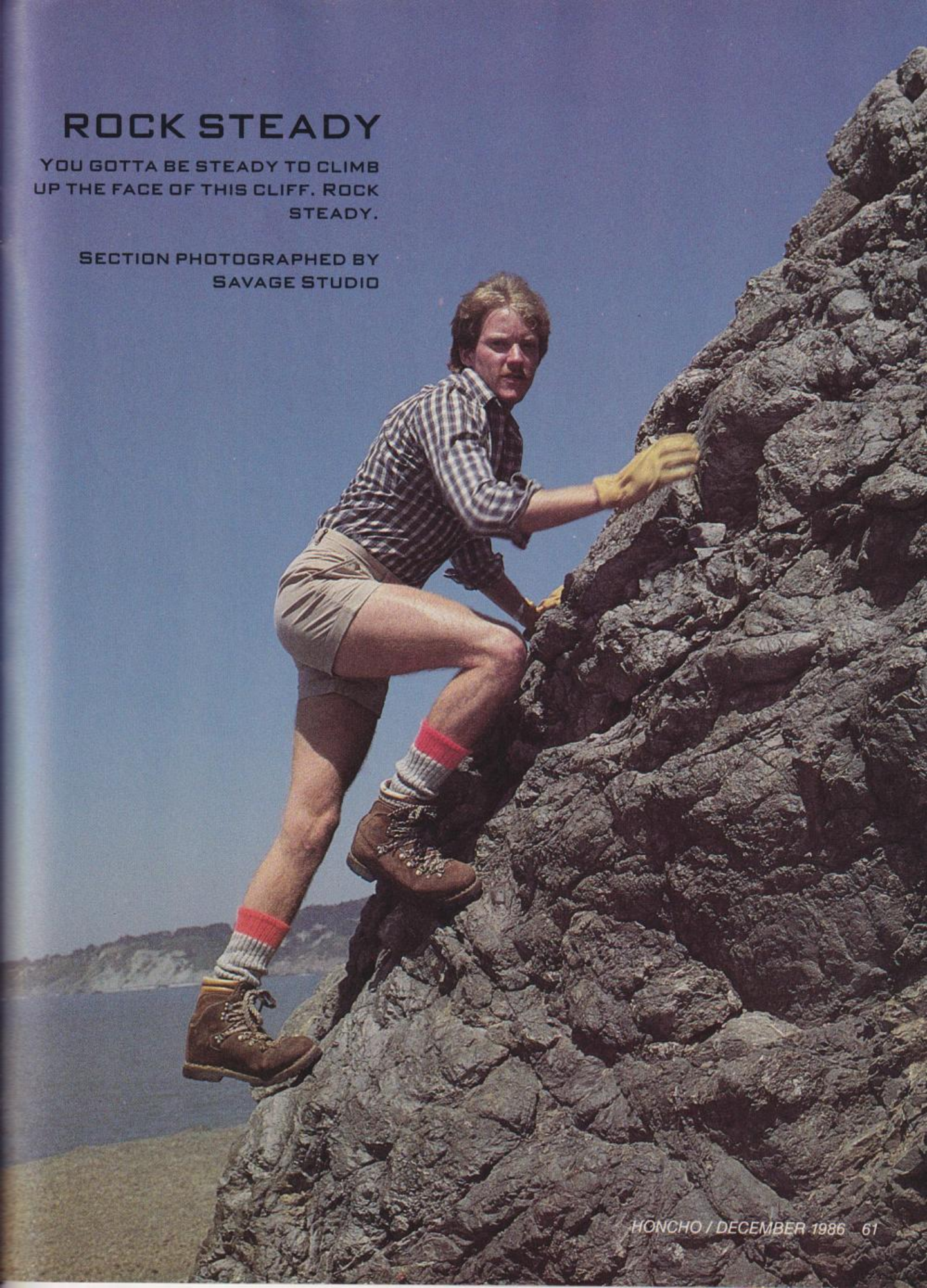
But then the pain began. Because I do not like pain—not in the least, not in any form—my erection quickly disappeared. This frustrated and confused Ouch. He stroked me more vigorously, which only increased my torture, and he whimpered sadly. Fortunately, Atlantean intercourse

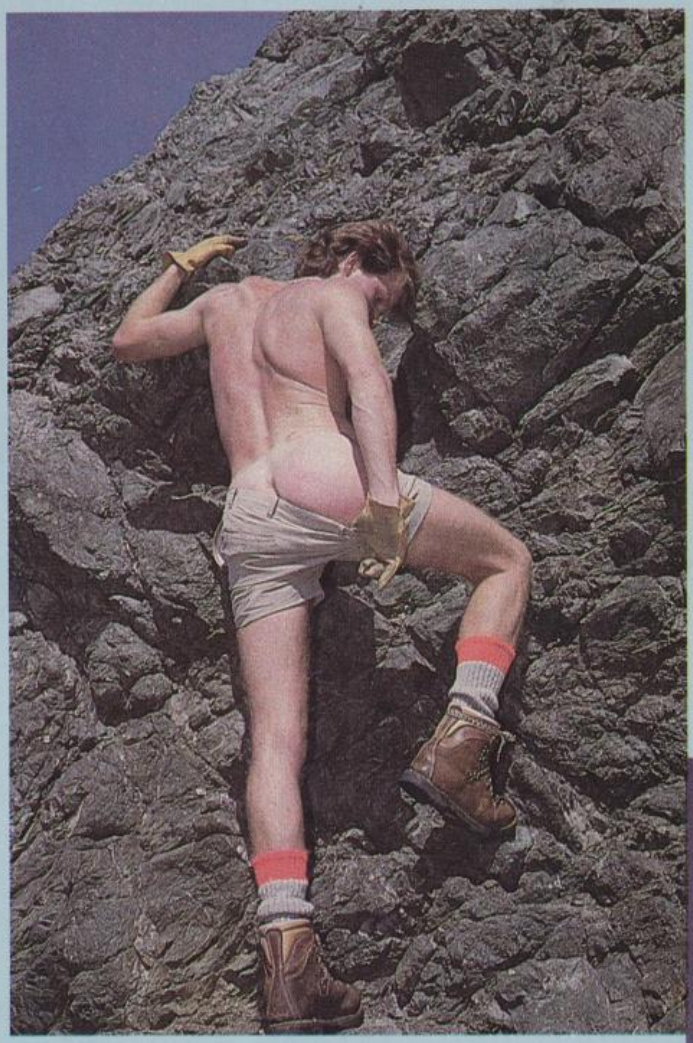
Continued to page 77

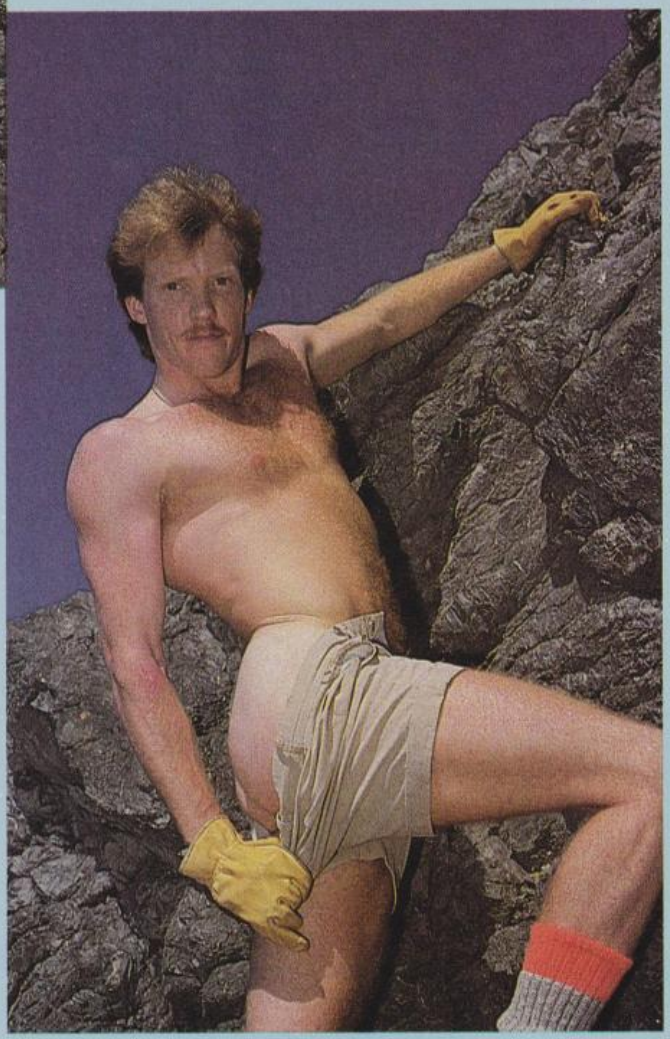
ROCK STEADY

YOU GOTTA BE STEADY TO CLIMB UP THE FACE OF THIS CLIFF. ROCK STEADY.

SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAVAGE STUDIO

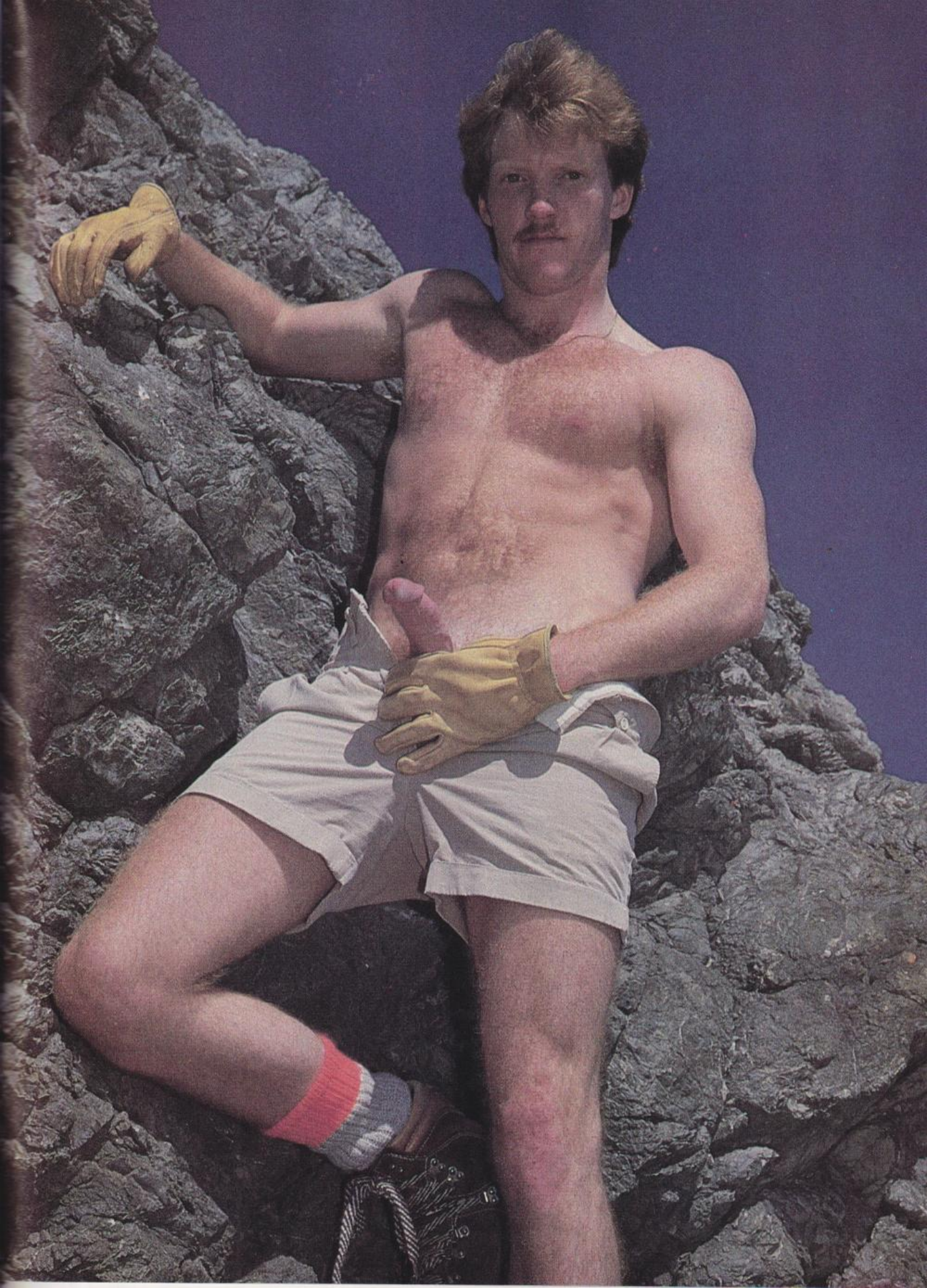


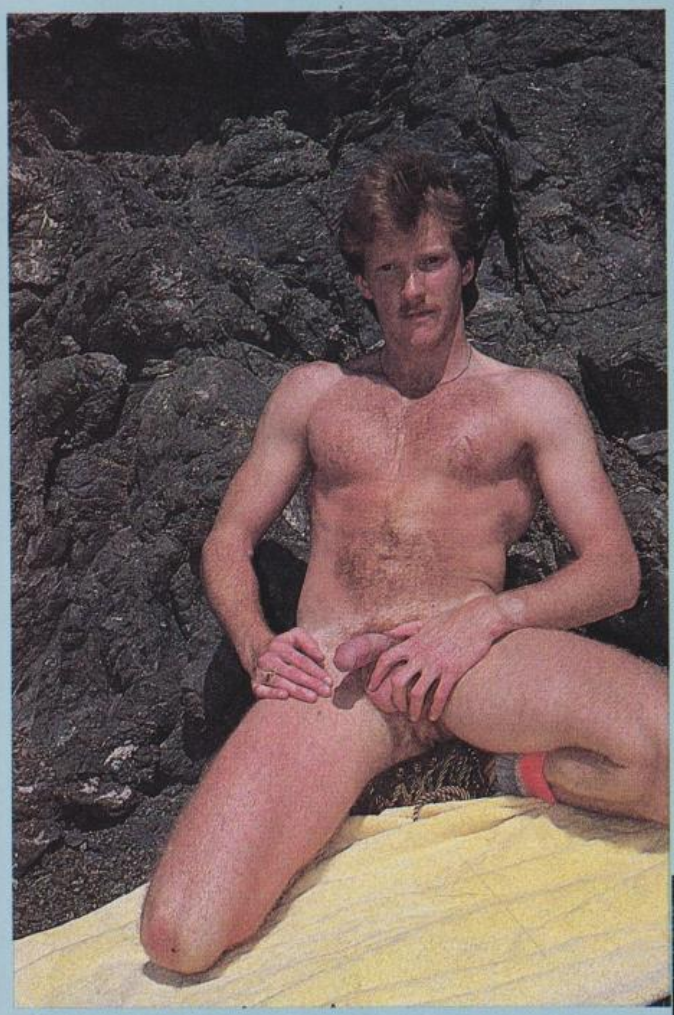


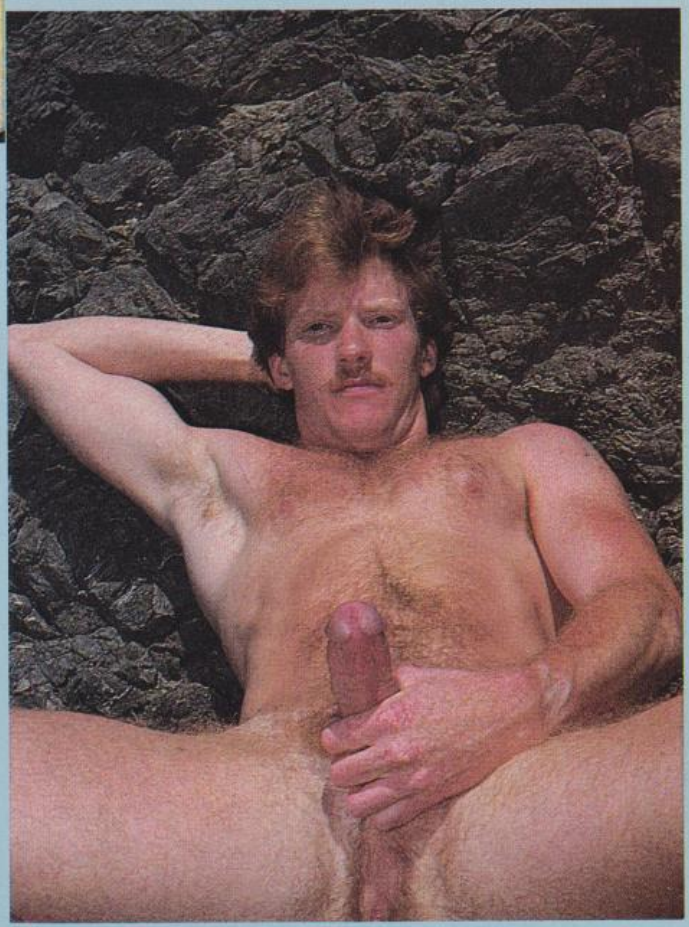


ROCK STEADY

BUT WHEN YOU GET TO THE TOP, THERE IS SOMETHING TO REWARD YOUR EFFORTS. STEADY...DON'T BLOW IT. AT LEAST NOT YET.

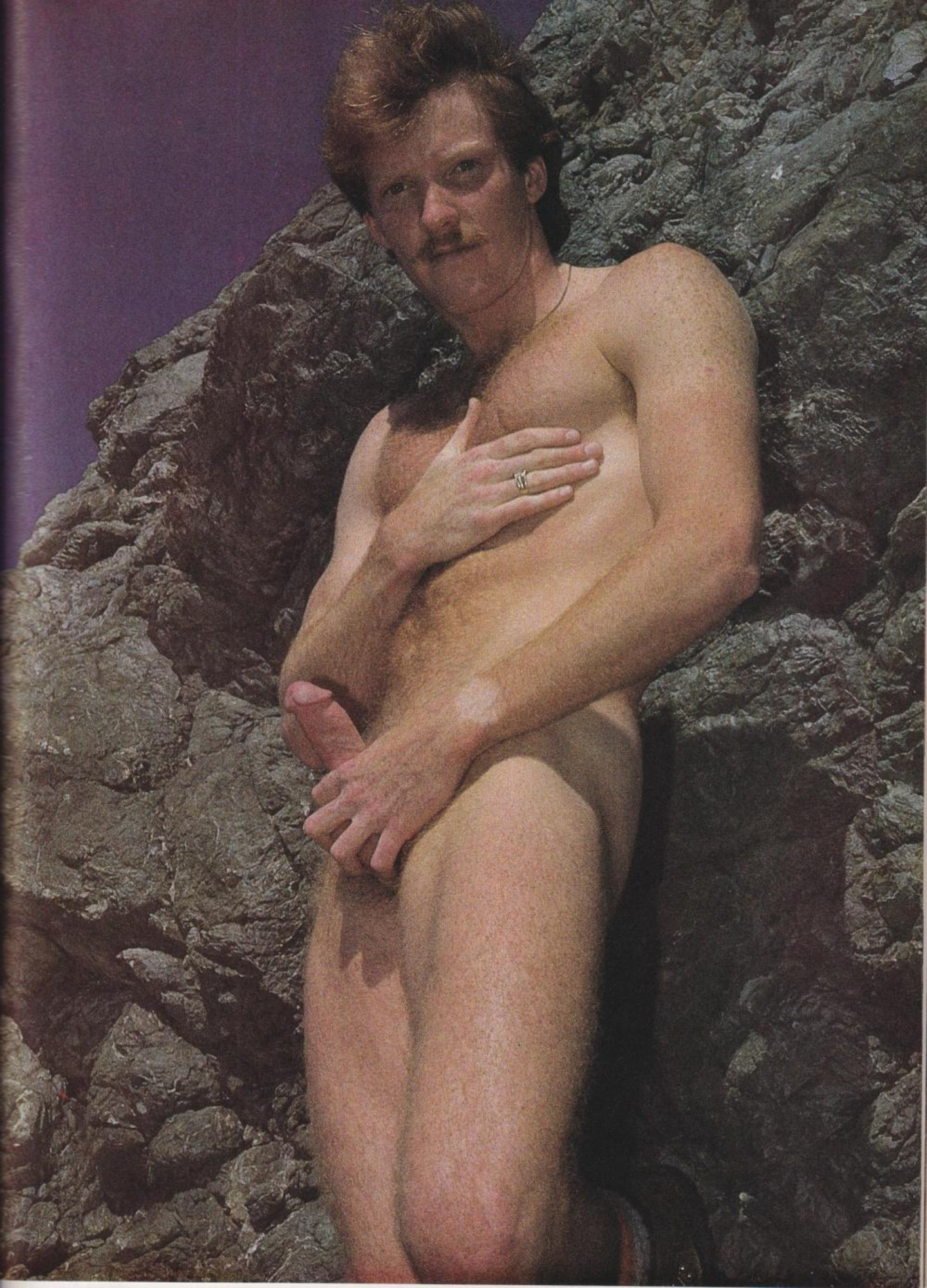


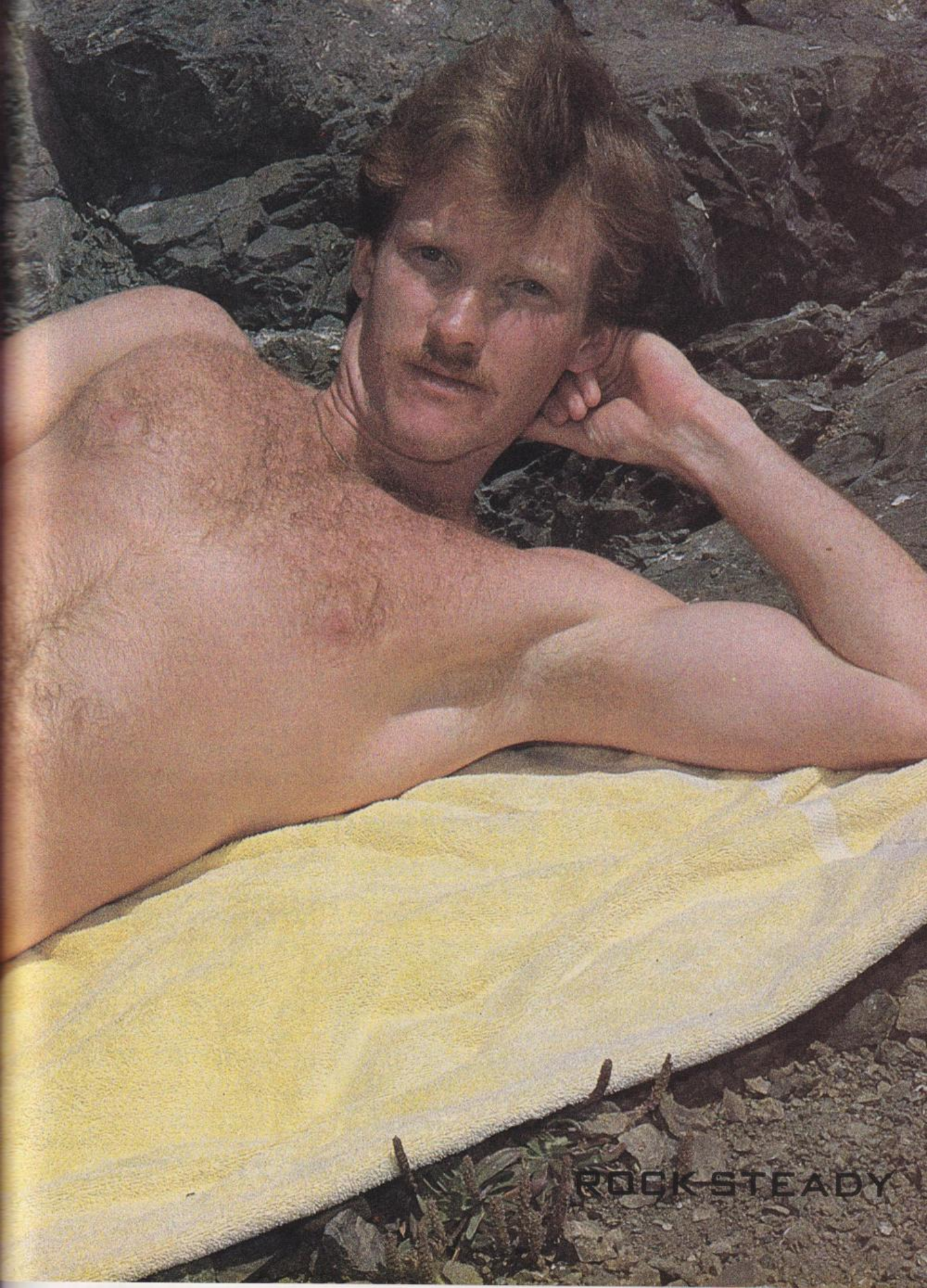




ROCK STEADY

SLOW AND STEADY WINS THE RACE. AND IT GETS YOU A PIECE OF THE ROCK. ROCK STEADY.

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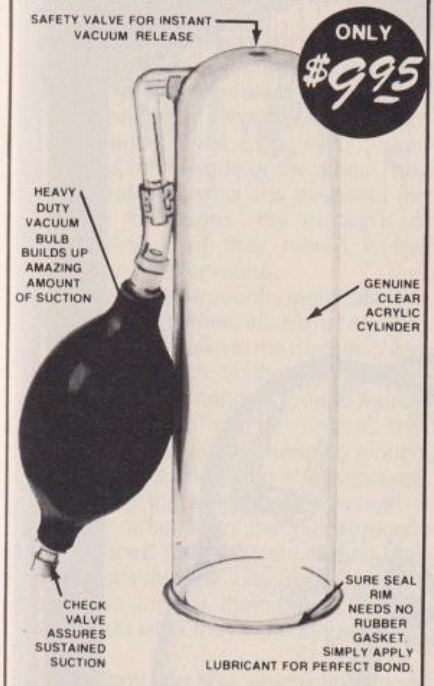

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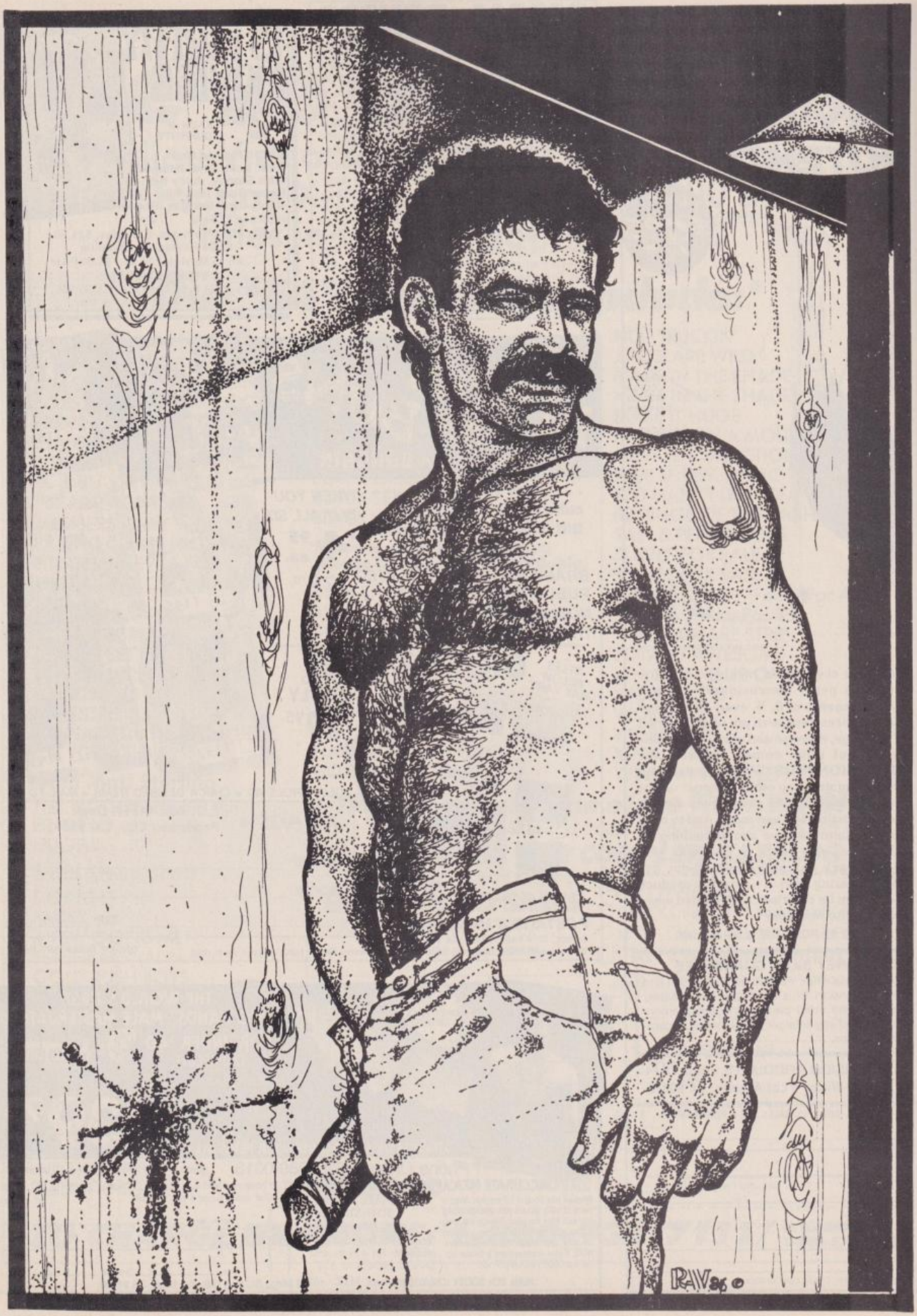
RAV86

naughty pine

STORY AND ART BY RICHARD A. WHITE

Mitch, 25 and always horny, is a trucker queen. He loves getting fucked, eating ass, and swallowing cum. These days that can be a dangerous game, but Mitch considers these "straight" types safe, since—except when they're on a long haul—truckers do it only with women, and since the truckers who interest Mitch only *do* and never get *done*.

None of these aggressive hunks has ever given Mitch any attitude. Nobody's ever treated him with anything less than respect, and most have been vocal with their gratitude. Once, a guy even bought him dinner afterwards in the diner. They talked about the wife, the ex-wives, the kids, the mortgages—the trucker's, of course—and then they retired to the bushes for another round.

In that part of the country, particularly in the middle of the week, there's not much to do except come down to the truck stop and listen to the juke box. So there were always lots of young guys hanging around waiting for the occasional pair of "chicks" that would wander in. Mitch's hanging around was not seen as anything at all unusual. No one knew that it was men he wanted—and got—rather than the puffy-ankled, shiny-skinned Catholic school girls who fed quarters into the juke box and stood around waiting for their patent leather shoes to do what they were supposed to do.

It was early May now, which can be pretty chilly in New Hampshire, and Mitch was sitting in the parking lot in his pickup truck, waiting and watching for someone to come along and warm him up. After several cups of coffee and a thick burger, a big 18-wheeler pulled in. It was a sleek, chrome-and-silver beast, roaring and spouting dragon's breath from its diesel exhausts. Its sides were emblazoned with the word *Specter*, a transcontinental hauling firm that specializes in livestock, and the trailer, open-railed in the back, was loaded with horses. Mitch didn't see them at first. It was too dark. But the smell was unmistakable.

When the driver climbed out of the cab, Mitch saw that he was sweating profusely—no doubt he'd been running the heater at full blast—and his work shirt was open to the navel, revealing a nice woolly pair of tits. He tossed his head to flip the wet curls off his high forehead. He was tall—a good two inches over six feet, Mitch estimated—and his thick black beard and long black ringlets gave him a French-Canadian look.

Mitch himself is just over six feet, and his body is thick and solid from years of working on the family farm. It's not all that easy for him to find guys who are bigger and burlier than himself; when he does, he goes for it. There was no doubt in his mind he was going to go for this guy, when the time was right.

After stretching and scratching at his damp crotch, the trucker headed for the diner. Mitch stayed in his pickup. He'd have no trouble observing the guy through the plate glass windows.

The other customers exchanged smirks and a few of them pinched their noses, indicating their displeasure at the odors the new patron brought in with him. When the guy's meal was placed on the counter, Mitch got out of his pickup and strode into the diner for one more cup of coffee.

He sat at the corner of the counter, at a right-angle to the trucker, and watched the man gobble his food. Glancing downward, Mitch saw that some of the trucker's fly buttons were undone, which afforded a teasing view of a plush pelt of cock hairs. When Mitch raised his gaze, the trucker caught his eyes; his wink let Mitch know that he knew what the younger man had been looking at. The wink was followed by a smile. Then, after sopping up the last of his beef gravy with a corn muffin, the trucker swung around and, staring at Mitch, licked the gravy off his moustache and fingertips.

When the kid behind the counter asked the trucker if he wanted dessert, the reply was a friendly, "No, thanks. What I'd really like is a shower. You got one in this place?"

The counter boy made no attempt to hide his smirk. "No, but they's a bucket out bayack, and a faucet to fill it. Reckon that's all we gut."

The boy's thick New England accent was as amusing to the trucker as the latter's smell seemed to be to the boy. Grinning to himself, the trucker stood up and plunked a ten-dollar bill on the counter. "Thanks. That cover it?"

The boy gave him three bucks change.

"Keep it. For the water bill," said the trucker. And out he went.

Mitch finished his coffee, paid, and returned to his pickup—in one door and out the other, which put him on the edge of the dark pine forest that led around to the back of the diner. He followed the sounds of splashing water through the wet pine needles until he found the trucker's clothes hanging over a bush, flapping in the chilly wind. Behind the clump of low bushes stood the man himself, washing up as quickly as he could.

"Want someone to wash your back?" Mitch whispered. "That would get you done faster so you can warm up."

The trucker spun around in surprise, then grinned his recognition and nodded his assent. Mitch came up to him, turned him around, and dropped to his knees to wash the trucker's ass.

"Pretty ripe down there, buddy. You better getcherself ready."

But Mitch *was* ready. He spread the guy's furry ass cheeks, slid his nose in between them, and breathed deep. He loved the rank smell of raw manhood. It intoxicated him faster than a six-pack on an empty stomach.

Mitch cupped his hands and dipped them into the bucket. He held the icy water for a few moments to warm it a little, then lathered up and transferred the soapy liquid to the trucker's shit slit. The burly guy moaned his enjoyment when Mitch stuck a finger up the quivering hole and soaped the inside clean.

Mitch stood up and reached for the bucket. "Ready to get rinsed?"

"Ready."

"This shit's fuckin' cold. So brace yourself."

The trucker turned around and waved his hard-on at Mitch. "Go ahead, buddy. It'll feel good after 500 miles in a truck full of horse shit."

Mitch stared hungrily at the trucker's powerful, hairy body, to which the white, soapy foam clung tenaciously. He raised the bucket over the man's shoulders and poured out the rinse water. The man shuddered and shook from side to side.

Mitch chuckled. "I'll get some more water, so you can wash your hair."

"You're gonna spoil me—you know that?"

"We aim to please."

"And we aim to letcha."

It was when Mitch went for the water that he discovered the peephole. The outdoor faucet was at the base of the rear wall of the men's toilet, a cramped and smelly room reached from inside the diner. More than a year ago, a drunken trucker had rammed his rig into the wall, and it had been replaced, "temporarily," with a large piece of pine board. When Mitch bent down to turn on the water faucet, a bright light made him blink. Toward the bottom of the pine board, at about knee level, a small knot had either fallen out or been poked out. He looked through it and saw the bare bulb glowing in the toilet. "Hmmm. . .too small and too low for a cock, but perfect for observing. Interesting." For the moment, however, there was something more interesting in the bushes. Mitch filled the bucket and returned.

The trucker, who introduced himself as Stu, was lying on his back across a rock, his head hanging over the edge. Mitch wet Stu's coal-black hair, soaped and scrubbed it, then rinsed it out. All the while, Mitch's gaze kept returning to the trucker's bloated eight inches. The head, oily with pre-cum, had pushed out of the foreskin. This bear was ready for a fuck.

Stu shook his head to get as much rinse

Mitch was ready. He spread the guy's furry ass cheeks, slid his nose in between them, and breathed deep. He loved the smell of raw manhood. It intoxicated him faster than a six-pack on an empty stomach.

water out of his hair as possible—which, to Mitch's delight, made his cock flop around wildly—then grabbed a towel he'd brought from his rig and finished drying his hair. When he stood up, he saw that some of the spray from his hair had splashed across the front of Mitch's jeans, where the outline of Mitch's hard dick was clearly visible. Stu grabbed it, squeezed, then jumped into his clothes and led Mitch toward his truck.

Inside, Mitch found that the cab was surprisingly clean, although the smells from the trailer were very strong. Stu took off his boots and climbed back into the sleeper. Mitch followed suit *and* raised the ante, by stripping completely naked before hopping over the seat back and onto the mattress.

In a flash, Stu was out of his dirty clothes, which he tossed over the seat and into the front floorboard. He pulled a tube of grease from under the mattress, opened it, and went to work lubricating Mitch's ass. When the job was done, Mitch raised his feet and pressed them against the low ceiling to give Stu easy entry. The trucker mounted the farm boy and eased inside him.

"Jesus, that little pussy of yours really chomps down on a man's meat. I'm gonna give you a fuck to remember. Yessir, you ain't gonna forget this one, boy. Not for a long time."

Stu bucked and plowed Mitch's asshole. His low-slung balls slapped against Mitch's butt cheeks. He chewed at the younger man's neck. But he didn't kiss him. Yeah, Mitch thought to himself, I've got a live one—and a *straight* one—up my ass.

Mitch felt his own cock swelling as Stu thrashed him harder and harder. When Stu shot, it was as if Mitch had been rammed with a fire hose. The sperm pounding into his prostate sent the straight-loving farm boy right over the edge.

When it was over, it wasn't as if the trucker wanted no part of the guy whose ass he'd just plowed, but it was obvious there'd be no cuddling and kissy-face. Stu wiped off his cock with a towel, handed it to Mitch, and fell back against the side of the sleeping compartment—exhausted, satisfied, finished.

Mitch cleaned himself, dressed, nodded his farewell, and returned to his pickup. He, too, was completely satisfied, even with the way it had ended, particularly with the way it had ended. It was the only way it could end—with a straight.

The next night, hornier than ever, Mitch was back at the truck stop. He was itching to try out the peephole. If anything interesting walked into the diner, he'd wait until the guy went to take a leak, then he'd sneak around back and have a look.

About half an hour into Mitch's vigil, a huge black-and-chrome 18-wheeler rumbled into the parking lot. The spanking-new behemoth gleamed in the moonlight as it angled into a parking space, nosing its silver jaw-line bumper toward the pine trees. The engine whined and hissed, then exhaled a final blast of steam and was silent. The cab door swung open and a dark figure jumped to the ground. Mitch reckoned the man in his late thirties. He was well over six feet and had a moustache like a street-sweeper's brushes.

The evening was unusually warm for May and the trucker was shirtless. His stomach muscles heaved and stretched as he swept his hand over the hood of his road beast. Then he took his T-shirt out of his back pocket, slipped it on, and walked toward the diner, carrying himself with an arrogant swagger that made Mitch's cock sit straight up. As the guy reached for the glass door, Mitch saw a winged sun-disk tattooed on his melon-shaped deltoid.

From that moment, Mitch thought of him as the Sun God.

Mitch waited. The Sun God's food came and he ate. Mitch waited. The Sun God ordered dessert and ate it. Mitch waited. The Sun God drank two bottles of beer. Mitch waited. His cock ached in his tight jeans, ached for the beer to do its work. It did. The Sun God rose and headed for the john. Mitch bolted from his pickup and headed for the peephole.

The Sun God was standing spread-legged in profile to Mitch's view. From the low angle, the trucker's snaking sausage looked impossibly huge as it spewed its golden liquid into the urinal. Finished pissing, he shook the last drops off the end. And then he kept shaking. When his cock was fully erect, he gripped it like a pistol, spit on the knob, and rubbed both knob and shaft until they were gleaming in the overhead light. Then he plopped his balls out and rubbed them until they, too, swelled and glistened in his greasy mitt. Oily drops seeped out his piss slit and dripped to the floor. Mitch longed to catch them on his tongue.

The Sun God leaned back against the basin. Mitch's eye roamed over the man's body as the Sun God tore off his T-shirt and grabbed at his nipples. This fucker was hard, hairy, and horny to blow his load. He ran his thick fingers through the tangled hairs on his chest and down to the kink at his groin. He started hammering at his hog, hissing like a bull in a pen. Clenching his teeth, he growled and gurgled. Suddenly the first rope of jizm shot out of his piss slit. He kept up the fisting. Globs of cum dropped to the floor of the toilet and spattered his boots. The next glob shot up into the air and fell back into his belly hairs. One long, pasty strand reached all the way to Mitch's spy hole. Mitch blinked when it hit his eye. He wiped it off with his finger, then stuck his finger in his mouth and savored the taste.

The Sun God rubbed his cum into his chest hairs, then raised his fingers to his lips and licked. Black grease was caked under his fingernails. He reached under his balls and wiped the sweat, then smelled his raunchy fist. He sighed a long, satisfied sigh and reached for a paper towel.

Mitch moved away from the hole, but not fast enough. The Sun God grunted angrily, jammed his meat into his trousers, buttoned up, and shot out the door and into the diner.

Mitch hauled ass for his pickup, but halfway there he collided with the Sun God, who spun him around and locked his neck in the crook of his furry forearm.

"Fuckin' little shit! Y'ain't man enough to come in and blow me off. Yuh gotta steal my privacy!"

Mitch struggled to get free. "I'm sorry,

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Mister. I didn't mean any harm. Honest."

"Neither do I." The Sun God grabbed Mitch's balls and squeezed with all his might. Mitch almost passed out from the pain. The Sun God let go and pulled his fist away, grazing Mitch's swollen cock.

"Jesus Christ, you little faggot, you *like* it rough, dontcha? Dontcha!"

"I—I—I guess so."

"I *know* so. A man's cock don't lie. Guess a pervert's don't either. You want it rough, I'll give it to yuh rough." He slammed his fist into Mitch's groin.

As Mitch doubled over, the Sun God exploded with laughter. But by the time Mitch had managed to straighten himself up, the laughter had died and the Sun God was staring at him with unmitigated contempt.

"You fuckin' pig, you really *do* like it." He shook his head from side to side and snarled. "Only one way to punish a fuckin' pig like you, and that's to give 'im nothin'!"

The Sun God threw Mitch to the ground. He spit in his face. He laughed again. And spit again. Then he spun on his heels and headed for his truck.

In the distance, Mitch heard the motor racing furiously. He heard the windows of the diner rattling. He wiped the spit and dirt out of his eyes and looked in the direction of the angry diesel roar. The black-and-silver dragon belched its way out of the parking lot. It passed within a couple of yards of Mitch. The Sun God gunned the motor and squealed out into the highway. The choking exhaust fumes filled Mitch's lungs.

Mitch had never in his life felt so degraded. He'd never felt degraded at all before. But as he raised himself up, brushed himself off as best he could, and limped to his pickup, he felt like the scum of the earth, like slime, like shit.

And yet a couple of nights later he was back at his post. At first he tried to drown out the memory of the Sun God with more sex than he'd ever had in his life. He sucked slab after slab of trucker meat. He had his manhole plundered by one club after another. He slurped shit chute after shit chute—sometimes half a dozen men a night, sometimes more. But nothing worked. He never got off. The only release he could get was when he was at home alone in his bedroom, fantasizing about the brutal Sun God. And that made him thoroughly disgusted. With himself. He wondered how long would be his sentence in this degrading limbo.

Weeks went by, and Mitch's debilitating obsession did not go away. But there was a change, a gradual change, a radical change. Instead of self-loathing, Mitch's insides began to fill up with rage. Since the man who was the cause of his rage—and the object of his obsession—was not available, he vented himself on those who were: the other truckers, most of whom

proved more versatile than he'd ever suspected. Mitch stopped letting himself get fucked. He became the fucker. He rode ass like a mad monk who'd just discovered a new torture for the Inquisition.

He had the cock for it, certainly, though he'd never before used it this way—as a weapon, as a dull-edged sword with a blunt head and a fat blade. His victims—more than a few of them taken completely by surprise—would limp away afterwards, crawl into their cabs, and drive off convinced that there was no sorer spot on the earth than their own aching assholes.

Yet quite a number of these guys—even the ones who'd yelled the loudest—a few nights later would come back for more. Mitch, whose former veneration of the truckers' macho mystique was fast evaporating, was always happy to oblige. In fact, Mitch was happy. Because at last he was coming again—big monster loads. It was easy. Now that he'd *become* the man who had degraded and reviled and obsessed him for so long.

Two months later, on a steamy Thursday night in July, the woods around the diner was full of rutting truckers. Their grunts and groans and sighs filled the air as Mitch peeled the clothes off the hulky Swede who was to be his third fuck of the night. The guy had a space between his teeth through which he hissed his approval as Mitch continued to strip him. He had long golden locks, a wide jaw, and a two-day growth of beard. His chest, back, and shoulders were covered with blond fuzz, and during his entire run he'd yet to have a bath.

"I like havin' my pits licked," he whispered. "I like havin' everything licked. Eat me up, man. Mmm, yeah. My asshole too—y'into that? Oh, yeah, yeah. That's right. Get that fuckin' tongue of yours in there. Eat me out, man. Eat me out."

The Swede was completely nude now, except for his leather work boots. He was lying on a bed of pine needles, his thick legs draped over Mitch's shoulders to allow the young man's tongue easy access to his crack.

Mitch gave him the tonguing he was so desperate for. Then he gave him something he hadn't counted on.

"Hey! Hey, hold on a minute," squalled the muscle-bound trucker. "I don't get fucked, understand? I'm the one does the—"

"Shut up. And get ready for a new experience." Mitch plugged the guy's ass with something about six times as long and thick as his tongue. Through the first few humps, the trucker didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He struggled a bit, trying to get free, but when he saw that there was no hope, he gave in to what pleasure he could take from having the holy hell screwed out of him—for the first time in his life.

The minute the Swede began to groan, indicating he was relaxing into things, Mitch pulled out, yanked the guy to his feet, turned him around and bent him over a low-hanging tree branch. "I'm gonna blow my cum out your fuckin' ears, Blondie! Out your fuckin' nose! If you wanta share in the pleasure you better get to beatin' on that log of yours."

The Swede followed instructions, and Mitch carried out his threat. The trucker yelped in pain at first, not only from the pounding in his sore ass but also from the scratches the bark of the tree limb was cutting into his stomach. But soon the beating he was giving his own cock had him close to climax and shouting for Mitch to hammer even harder. "Fuck me, man! Fuck the shit outta me! Aw, yeah, man, do it! Do it!"

Mitch did it. By the time he was done, the trucker could barely stand up. Mitch offered him no thanks, no sympathy, no help. He just walked away to look for the next piece of ass.

A few paces from the vanquished Swede, Mitch *collided* with that next piece. It occurred to him that asshole number four had been watching him decimate asshole number three. He also realized, almost immediately, that this was the second time, in as many months, that he'd collided with this man.

"That was sure some drubbin' you just give that little blond, Mister. You come in 'im?"

Mitch shook his head no. It was obvious that, in the darkness of the dense forest, the Sun God had not recognized him.

"Well then, maybe you'd like a fresh piece to make your deposit in."

When Mitch backed away, he could see that the Sun God was beating his meat. Maybe he'd already done some plowing of his own; maybe that was why he was ready now to be plowed himself. Or maybe he just liked it that way.

But it was hard for Mitch to believe that. It didn't jive with the image Mitch had held of this guy ever since their first encounter. It didn't jive with what Mitch had made of himself, a carbon copy of the Sun God—always the fucker, never the fucked—or so Mitch had thought. But then nothing in Mitch's life since that fateful night jived with anything before, and what better—what more obvious—way to vent his rage once and for all than to batter and brutalize the man who'd incited it in the first place.

"I want yuh to strip me, then fuck me, then come on my face. Y'up fer that?"

Mitch nodded. His cock throbbed and thrust upward.

"Hefty fuckin' crank yuh got there. Th'ow it into me, huh?"

As the humbled Swedish hunk slithered away, Mitch peeled the Sun God out of his jeans and shoved him to his knees.

The Sun God kissed Mitch's bloated cock, ran his hands over Mitch's firm young body. "Yer a handful, fella—and a mouthful, too, I expect. By the way, the name's Karl."

Mitch shrugged and pointedly did not introduce himself. Instead he grabbed Karl, formerly the Sun God, by his thick mane of charcoal hair and yanked the man's face into his dick. Karl didn't resist. He swallowed all nine inches right down to the bush. He was the first to do that in one gulp, in all the weeks of Mitch's life as sexual aggressor.

Lust and pride swelled Mitch's cock as he started pumping. His balls tingled as they rubbed against Karl's scratchy beard. The man with the dick down his throat kept looking up into Mitch's face, but there wasn't even a glimmer of recognition in Karl's eyes, which danced and flickered in the pale moonlight as he sucked and gagged on the bloated shaft.

After a while, Mitch grabbed Karl's shoulders and shoved him back onto the ground. He wanted to watch Karl's face while he plowed him. Obviously, Karl wanted the same thing. He spread his legs and opened his bristly pucker hole. "I want that fat cock up my ass. Right in here, all the way in, deep as you can go. Come on, fella, stick it in me, plow my guts!"

He was begging for it. The brute was begging—for Mitch, for the formerly cock-hungry asshole he'd once tossed aside, spit on, and walked away from. Mitch was the topman now. It was his turn to walk away.

But he couldn't. The Sun God was no longer a god. But Karl was a beautiful man, a real man with sparkling eyes, gleaming white teeth, a day's growth of stubble, thick hair covering every inch of his body, thick limbs, rippling muscles, a broad chest tapering down to a trim, flat belly, a stream of kink leading from belly to cock bush, and, below his long, hard, blue-veined cock, a furry pucker hole rank and ripe for plundering.

Mitch let the spit gather in his mouth. He'd butter up Karl's chute till it was nice and slippery. He licked his lips so Karl could see what he was preparing to do.

"Yeah, yeah, that's right, babe, lube me up, lube me up with your spit."

Mitch froze for a moment. Maybe it was because Karl had called him "babe." Maybe it was his tone of voice when he said it, so sweet and pliant and subservient. Maybe it was the word "spit." Whatever it was, something caused him to adjust his plans. He used his spit all right. He lobbed it into the man's face, the same way the Sun God had done to Mitch so many, many nights ago. But unlike the Sun God, Mitch didn't walk away. He rammed the guy. No lube, no preparation, no gently easing in. Just a single, brutal thrust.

The spit on his face was a distraction to Karl. By the time he realized what Mitch was about to do, Mitch had already done it. "Oh, God! God! Take it easy! *Jesus, take it easy*!"

Mitch did everything but. With every plea from Karl for mercy, Mitch gave him less—less mercy, more pain. He rammed him again and again—all the way in, all the way out.

Karl squealed and squalled and lost his erection. Then after awhile Mitch noticed he was getting it back again, harder than ever. He was liking it, loving it, loving being used and abused, the same way Mitch had once gotten off on being degraded and abandoned—even though Mitch hated admitting it even now.

Mitch laughed, a mean, scornful laugh. A long time ago the Sun God had laughed at him. He'd ridiculed Mitch—with laughter and with words—for liking the ill treatment. But Mitch didn't need words. His laugh said it all.

"*Yeah*, I like it!" Karl responded. "I *love* it. Love it *in* me. Give it to me, babe. Plug me. Plug me. Let me have it!"

Now that Mitch had the guy begging for it, he figured it was time to give him something else. Mitch pulled out. He slapped Karl's sore ass hard and gestured for him to lie down on his back. Then Mitch stood over him.

"Oh, yeah, babe, yeah—come on my face, smear it all over me."

But Mitch had another idea, which Karl started to catch onto as soon as Mitch began lowering himself to his knees, astraddle Karl's neck.

"Jesus, man, not so close. I just want yer cum. I don't want yer cock in my face now that I can smell my own asshole on it. Come on, man, I—"

Mitch silenced Karl by smothering him with his cock and balls. When Karl saw that the only way he'd ever get another breath was to open up his mouth and let the filthy cock inside, he spread his jaws and took it in.

Mitch pulled back just a little, so Mitch could breath through his nostrils, and so he could smell what he had in his mouth. When he started to gag, Mitch plugged him up again, shoving his cock all the way down Karl's gullet. It was take-it-or-die, so Karl took it.

Mitch plunged in and out, in and out, till his dick was squeaky clean. Then he pulled out and at last did what Karl had asked him to do in the first place. He unloaded on the man's face—on his cheeks, his chin, his ears, in his hair, gush after gush after gush. When he ran out of cum, he switched gears and emptied his bladder. Karl yelped and squirmed, but there was no way he could get loose from the vise of Mitch's knees. By the time Mitch was shaking the last golden drops off the end of his gusher, Karl was licking his lips and begging for more—and flailing the daylights out of himself.

Mitch pulled back, stood up, and started off.

"Hey, man, don't leave. I ain't come yet. Hey, hey, don't go!"

Mitch stopped in his tracks. For a moment he just stood there with his back to Karl. Then he turned around and walked toward him a few steps, just far enough so that the moonlight caught him square in the face. For the first time, Mitch saw in Karl's face the vague stirrings of recognition. Mitch was pretty sure that all he needed to do now was let Karl hear his voice. It didn't really matter what he said, but then again why not use the opportunity to say something interesting. But what? Ah, he had it. He smiled again, his best scornful smile. Then he let his face go blank. "Only one way to punish a fuckin' pig like you, and that's to give 'im nothin'!"

That did the trick, all right. No doubt about it. Satisfied with the stunned look on Karl's face, the young man turned on his heels and walked away.

He went into the diner and ordered a burger and a beer. While he ate, he noticed poor Karl outside sitting in his truck watching him with hungry eyes.

After dessert, the young man got up out of his seat and headed for the john to take a leak. He remembered the hole in the outside wall—too low for a glory hole, too low for anything except some sneaky little Peeping Tom.

"Just let him try it," the young Sun God said to himself. "Just let him try it."■

SEX IN SPACE

Continued from page 60

does not involve pumping; Ouch simply rested his cock inside me and let it grow. But the increasing vigor of his pumping on my own cock caused him to slam around inside me, which was excruciating. When I screamed, he simply took this as a sign of my frustration at not being able to hold an erection. And he worked harder, and tortured me more.

The tip of his penis was pressing against my prostate now, pressing into it, and still growing. Since the human prostate is only about six inches from the anal opening, that meant he had another twelve inches to press. I was quite sure I'd be dead before the explosion.

But I wasn't. By the time the fabled pause came, I was in an agony that made me want to die. In fact I begged and pleaded with my sadistic captors to kill me. But they just laughed louder and cheered Ouch on. And then, in unison, they started counting—backwards.

"Thirty, 29, 28, 27, 26. . ."

The Atlantean biological clock is extremely precise, even when measuring out something so minute as the species' pre-orgasmic pause. It lasts exactly 30 seconds. As the last seconds of my life were counted away, my hapless slayer groaned with anticipation.

". . .19, 18, 17, 16, 15, 14—"

Suddenly the hatch door sprang open and into the room flew the captain and two of his officers—and I do mean flew. Instantly Lupo and Jones launched themselves toward the ceiling, but they were pounced upon and subdued by the captain's subordinates. The captain himself shot past me and into the rear wall, then turned himself around and, aiming his laser at Ouch, fired. Fortunately for Ouch, the gun was in stun mode, so the Atlantean was merely rendered unconscious instead of dead. This allowed the captain to rip Ouch out of me. That gave me the most intense pain I've ever felt in my life, before or since that night, but there was no time to spare, of course. What was about to happen would in no way be curtailed by Ouch's loss of consciousness. Nor at this point did it matter whether or not his penis remained buried in my ass.

Three seconds after Malcome had pulled Ouch out of me and laid the creature face up on the floor, the egg shot from Ouch's abdomen into his groin and out through his penis, which looked like a boa constrictor spitting out a watermelon. Fortunately we were spared the actual holocaust. From outside the locked hatch, we heard the egg hit the ceiling and explode. And then we heard Ouch sighing contentedly in his sleep.

Jones and Lupo were taken away by the captain's men, and Malcome, after using his communicator to call a medic to Ouch's aid, picked me up in his arms and carried me to the infirmary.

"It's lucky I finished my work sooner than I'd expected. When I didn't find you in your cabin I got worried. Then I remembered what you'd told me about Lupo and Jones. I know how sensitive macho egos can be, and I wondered if they might be up to no good, particularly if you'd rebuffed them again. I had no idea, however—and please believe me on this—that they would ever do anything as vicious and depraved as what they've done, to you and to Ouch. Now that I do know, they will be released from my employ, and given over to the authorities on earth."

We had reached the infirmary by this time. I was given a thorough checkup, which I passed with flying colors—ah, the resilience of youth—and afterwards, the medic left us alone. Malcome, greatly relieved, clasped me by the shoulders and looked deep into my eyes. Then he embraced me and said softly, "If you can somehow find it in yourself to forgive me for my lack of diligence, please do come to my quarters. I'd be grateful for the opportunity to make amends for what you've suffered."

"Absolution granted, captain. No penance required. Invitation still accepted."

His quarters were a startling and very welcome contrast to the rest of the ship. It was a suite of rooms, imaginatively decorated, cozy, full of books and holographic videos and personal curios—home, in other words. I went immediately to the video library and was delighted to find a copy of *The New Order*. It's my favorite of all the many works about our ancestors' century-long struggle for the Constitutional Amendment of 2069, the origin of true liberty for the captain and myself and those like us—yes, even for Lupo and Jones, though now they had betrayed that liberty, and themselves. I hadn't seen *The New Order* in years, I told Malcome.

"Nor have I. It's the sort of thing one wants to watch *with* someone. And it's been a long time since. . ." His voice trailed away and he was silent for a moment.

I was moved by this but also, I must confess, relieved. The moment I entered his cabin I had noticed a holographic portrait, prominently displayed, of a younger Malcome with a beautiful man of about the same age at his side. They stood arm in arm smiling at each other, oblivious to the rest of the world, to the holographer even. I was envious of what that portrait said, and jealous of Malcome's partner. Now, from what he was saying, that was over—yet clearly not forgotten, for Malcome, too, was staring at the holograph now, a deep sadness darkening his beautiful face.

Momentarily he came out of it and turned back to me. "Sorry about that. Jake and I were together for 15 years. This ship was our dream. We bought it together. He was killed in a decompression accident, on Atlantis. Whenever I make a haul from that place. . . it puts me in a mood. Drink?"

"I'd love one."

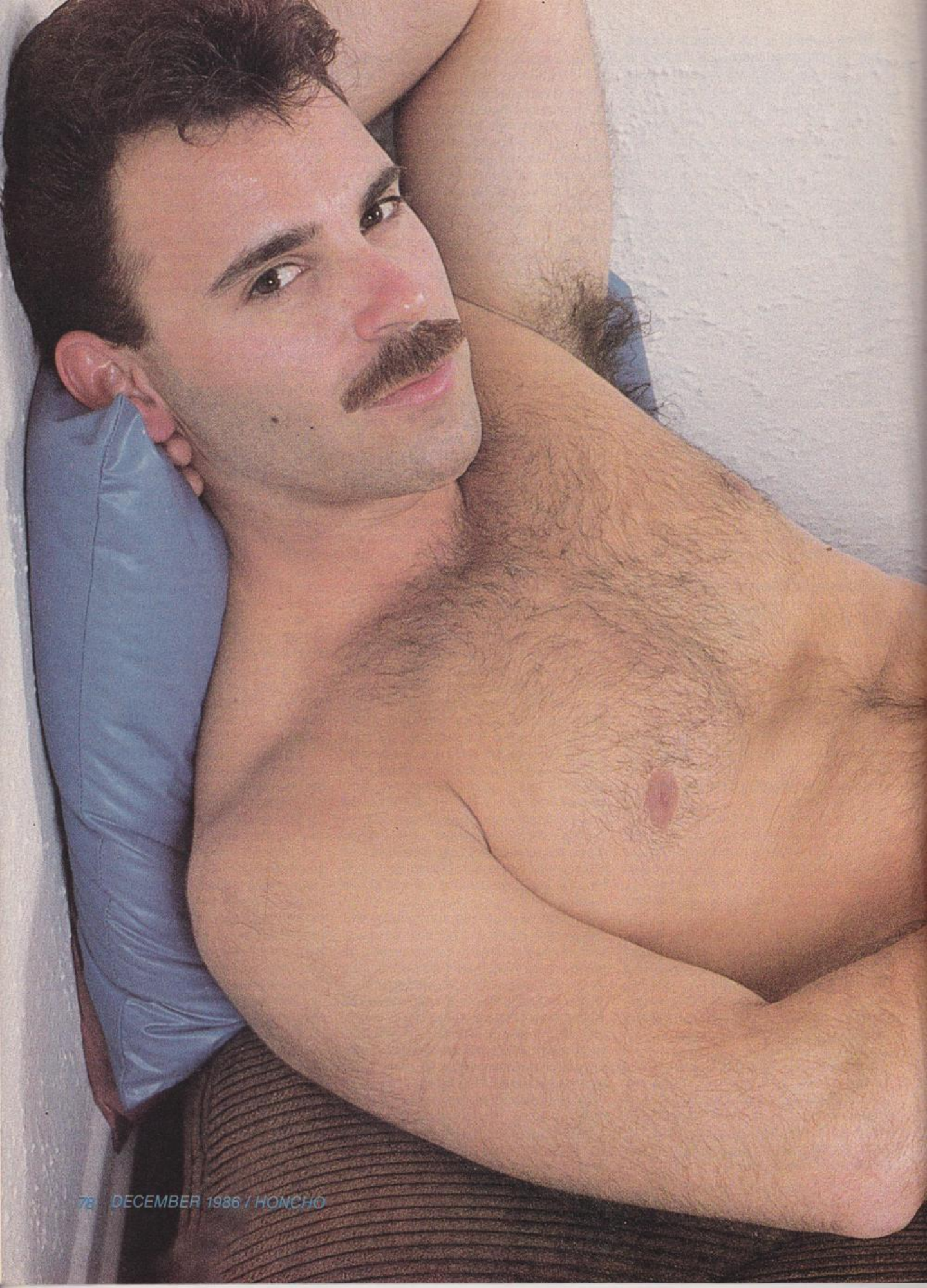
"I have a nice Atlantean wine, if you'd like to try it. It's one of the best things they do, their wine."

"And can we watch the video?"

"Of course. I'll look forward to it, now that I have someone to enjoy it with."

The way he said that and the look he gave me led to our first, chaste kiss. There were many more, progressively less chaste, and after the video there was much more than kissing. My first experience with weightless sex, under the "guidance" of Lupo and Jones, had been a horror. But with Malcome it was magic.

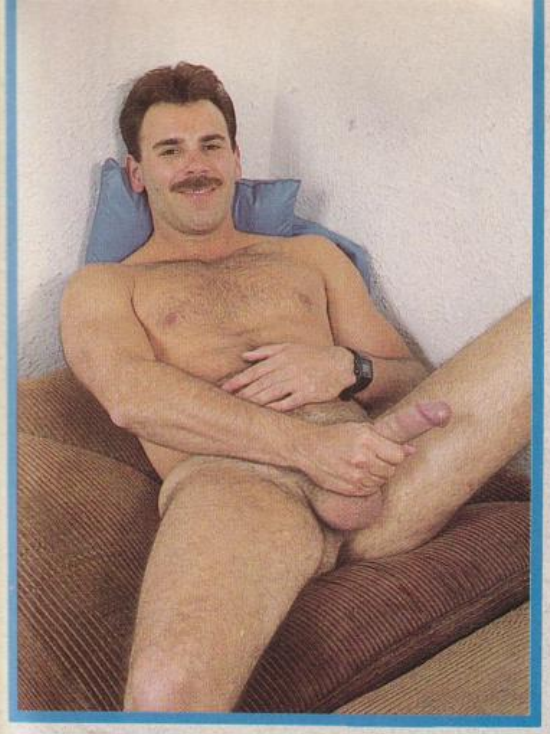
And still, after more than ten years of living and loving and working side by side with Malcome on our shipping business, and even though the Excalibur—the most successful freighter in the galaxy now—has been fully equipped with artificial gravity since 2137, I always get a special thrill when my lifemate switches our cabin to weightless mode and we make love floating in mid-air. For Malcome and me, it's the first time every time, and it's our favorite thing about sex in space.■



Looking At You

I've had my eye on you for some time, Jella. You've got what I like and I kinda get the feeling that the feeling's mutual.

Section photographed by David Smith



Looking At You

So, now that we understand each other, let's get something straight between us. My dick straight to your face. Here's looking at you!

MAN SEARCH

HOW TO PLACE AN AD:

The cost for a HONCHO ad is 50¢ per word.
***Commercial Ads** (any person or business charging for services, e.g., models, masseurs, mail shops, phone sex, membership organizations with fee) add $25.00 to the total cost of your ad.*

Please allow 90 days from the first of each month for publication of your ad. Note the following schedule:

AD DEADLINE	ON SALE
11/1/95	2/1/86
12/1/85	3/1/86
1/1/86	4/1/86
2/1/86	5/1/86
3/1/86	6/1/86
4/1/86	7/1/86

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the ocmplete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

Enclose full payment for your ad when you submit it. Make check or money order payable to HONCHO.

HONCHO does not knowingly accept fraudulent advertising. Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state, and federal laws. No advertisements will be accepted from persons under 18.

☐ *My ad is _____ words @ 50¢ per word*

☐ *Commercial—add $25.00 per issue to total cost*

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☐ *12 issues 20%*
☐ *6 issues 10%*

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Multiply cost × number of issues ad runs = $_____

Start my ad with the on sale date of _____ (see schedule above).

Enclosed $_____ for HONCHO CLASSIFIED (make check out to same and mail to: 155 6th Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013.

Any questions write or call the Advertising Dept. (212) 691-7700

PRINT CLEARLY all information and sign below.

With my signature I declare that I am over 18 years of age and that the information in my ad is true and correct. I am aware that no proofs of my ad will be submitted to me for my approval and I waive all claims regarding accuracy of reproduction due to mistakes or technical failure. I understand that HONCHO is in no way responsible for any contacts or transactions that occur as a result of placing this ad.

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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ARIZONA

HOT & HORNY COWBOY

Masculine GWM, 20, 6', 180 lbs., with 8 juicy inches seeks correspondence with other REAL MEN. Nude photo & letter gets mine. Rick, Box 32452, Tucson, AZ 85751.

ALABAMA

PENPALS

Attractive GWM, 24, 5'8", 150, brown/blue, versatile, seeks correspondents 18-35. Letter w/photo, fantasies: Paul, P.O. Box 550295, Birmingham, AL 35255-0295.

CALIFORNIA

RETIRED FIREMAN, FOREST RANGER

seeking applicants for Volunteer Fire Dept. State your HOT qualifications and photo, to: Volunteers, P.O. Box 1155, Forestville, Calif. 94137.

YOUNGER MEN WANTED (18+)

Dad GWM, 36, 6'2", 180, br. br. beard, wants boys 18-31 into hot J/O and cocksucking to service Dad's dick. Call Al (213) 650-0720. No fat, fems.

DEEP THROAT WANTS YOU

W/M, 27, 5'10", 150, brn, blue, F/A-P, G/P, attractive seeks man 18/37 who are hung 8½" or bigger. Small cocks are a turn off. I'd love to go all the way down your shaft to your balls (even your 13" John Holmes). No wierdos, fats, or phone sex calls. If interested write c/o PO Box 71347, Los Angeles, CA 90071 or call 213/385-2426. P.S. Correspondence from any state or country welcome.

COCK SLAVERY

Attractive GWM, 32, 6'2", 150 lbs, dark hair, beard wants imaginative partners into extended oral workouts. Obedience, deep throat work, force-feeding, cock worship. Mutual preferred but will train. Also: fucking (condoms), bondage, titwork. Must be hairy, bearded, sensitive, fit and hung 7" plus as I am. Foto and fantasies to Tom, 240 Sanchez, SF, CA 94114.

HOT SADISTIC TOP

Has opening in stable. Letter & pix to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201.

COLORADO

NEEDS GOOD FUCK

Horny GWM 6', 170, 28, Green/br. beard seeks dominant daddy. Daddy must be 30-55—big, thick cock very important. Nude photo and letter gets mine. Mike, 1337 Corona #2, Denver, CO 80218.

CONNECTICUT

FRIENDS/PEN PALS

Good looking/straight acting Bi/WM, 23, 5'6", 160 lbs., brown/green seeks same for hot times. No weirdos or drugs. Photo and address. Allen, PO Box 133, Trumbull, CT 06611.

FLORIDA

FIREMEN/COPS

Wanted by hot, goodlooking, bi, 36, very uninhibited yet safe, healthy & discreet. Turn on to gear, uniforms, stories. Scott, P.O. Box 421, Palm Beach, FL 33480. 305-863-9333. Thanks, dudes!

STRAIGHT ACTING GWM

57, 120 lbs. Seeks friendship and fun. Write Henry L. Land, Lot 20, 38 Brookville Dr. N., Jacksonville, Fl. 32211.

GWM, 31, 6', 157 LBS.

Brown/blue, bearded, seeks masculine, sensitive guy for friendship/long-term relationship. NO smoking/drugs. Send photo. PO Box 2726, Pinellas Park, Florida 34290-2726.

SCULPTURED BODY

W/M 24, 6', 170 lbs. Extremely good looking, tan muscular body, smooth skin, cute ass. Prefer smooth bodies, 18-25. Nude photo and phone a must: 2009 NE 22nd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33305.

SINCERE YOUNG ENDOWED "STUD" SEEKS ENDOWED "DADDY"

Much to share. Please send photo, nude preferably. Yours gets mine, you won't be disappointed! 1661 Poinsettia Dr., Fort Lauderdale, FL 33305 Resident

GAINESVILLE AREA

Straight acting, GWM, 37, 5'10", 155 lbs, seeks friendship and/or relationship. PO Box 2313, Gainesville, FL 32602 with photo.

GEORGIA

DAD SEEKS YOUNGER, SLIM STUD

Please me with your mouth, ass and uninhibited nudity, and you'll get affectionate dominance from hairy, masculine man, 42. Photo to: P.O. Box 306, Atlanta, Georgia 30301-0306.

HEALTHY HOT MAN,

35, 5'9", 155, hairy. Brown hair/moustache. Invite letters, pics, from masculine men with moustaches. RJ, Box 9142, Merietta, GA 30065.

HAWAII

HAWAII—DONKEY DADDIES NEEDED

To be sucked dry by hungry, handsome blond, 31, BL/GR, 6 ft, 175, 7¾" x 5¾ uncut. Sucking donkey daddies dry (4-9 climaxes guaranteed) poppers, bulging jeans, white briefs/jocks, J/O are turn-ons. Bigger cocks 10"+ preferred, cum measure up. Nude photo gets same. Please no fats, fems, dom. Les A. 1215 Alexander # 1206, Honolulu, Hawaii 96826

WAIKIKI GDLKG/BLK STUD

Disease free. 30. Fr A/P Gr/A. 8". To meet clean Bi/Gay visitors 18-35 with smooth swimmers, hard bodies. TS/TV Bi M/F Cpls, androgynous males get TLC. Photo/letter to J., P.O. Box 85, Pearl City, HI 96782.

ILLINOIS

LONELY, Y/W/M

Seèking relationship with caring person. Very talented in many ways, would like to meet responsible male over 25 yrs, good personality and want to have a good time. I like some sports, music, movies, dancing, quiet times

and cooking because I own my own restaurant. Write to P.O. Box 83, DeKalb, IL 60115, send name and address and I'll write back. Not into B&D, S&M, or sickos.

INDIANA

HOT AND HUNGRY

Guaranteed clean—Good looking GWM, straight acting and looking—5'9" Brn, Blu, moustache, hot ass and cock (7½") with insatiable appetite for sex, looking for a clean guy my age (32) to 45, married OK—discretion. Scott, 1507 Locust #107, Elkhart, IN 46514

SEEKING CARING LOVER/ FRIENDS 19-30

No drugs, fats, or fems. GWM 5'11" 169, 22, BR/BL. Box 768 North Vernon, IN 47265.

WM 54 5'8" 178 LBS

Bald 69. No J/O calls. Andy, 219-872-0491, 201 Hoyt Street, Michigan City, Ind. 46360.

IOWA

GWM-TOP 6'4" 195 LBS.

Blue eyes, moustache, 36 yrs. seeks young males 18-27 needing to be dominated. Send letter of submission. Photo a plus. P.O. Box 94101, Des Moines, Iowa 50394.

BEGINNER, GLKG, 22.

Like to be fucked. Seek G/Looking guy. Hispanics & Arabics welcome. Write: DINO, Box 1015, Des Moines, IA 50311.

KANSAS

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant master/daddy, 35, 5'10", 155, seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Variety of scenes. Prefer hot young studs with good build. The Master, P.O. Box 1373, Manhattan, Kansas 66502.

MASSACHUSETTS

OLDER GWM

Wants GWM well endowed, uncut, 23-35 as son, lover, master. Into light bondage. Nude photo and phone answered first. Write Lou, P.O. Box 459, Manomet, Mass. 02345.

MICHIGAN

GOOD LOOKING GWM

6'1", 170, brn., brn., moustache, hairy. Looking for correspondence and possible meeting. Send photo, letter. If interested write c/o Jeff, P.O. Box 1062, Sterling Heights, Michigan 48311-1062

CLARE-CADILLAC

Single sex partner sought for discreet 6'2", 165 lb., 31 yrs. in area. P.O. Box 353, Marion, MI 49665.

MICHIGAN TOP GUN

Masculine, single, bi. I got it, you want it, come and get it! P.O. Box 1300, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501.

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI

Would like to hear from G/W males 25 to 45. Sidney Burks, Jr., P.O. Box 251, Hickory Flat, Mississippi 38633.

NEW JERSEY

LEATHER/LEVI TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

I'm 23, six foot six, BL/BL 200 lbs. Looking for hot bottoms 20-40 slim for hot times. Will answer all photo, phone a plus. No scat, TV's or drugs. Reply to Rick, 67 8th Ave. #2, Passaic, NJ 07055-2122.

EDISON GWM COUPLE

23, 6'1", 170, smooth, brown/hazel; 32, 5'6", 145, hairy, moustache, uncut, seek UNDER 25 for visiting, friendship, and 3-way safe sex. NO smoking/drugs. Photo if possible. P.O. Box 643, Edison, N.J. 08818-0643.

WANTED: BODY MAXIMUS!

Gorgeous Mediterranean type, 28, 5'8", 145 lbs. (chunky) wants bodybuilder to initiate me into the world of body worship (and servicing). Your photo gets mine. Write: POB 32, Leonia, New Jersey 07605.

GWM-37-5'7"-137 LBS.

Beard - brown hair/blue eyes - gym defined - trim - versatile - educated professional - wants to meet guys in area for friends, companionship, play - no smokers, drugs, fats or fems - Write: Paul, PO Box 1077, Vernon, NJ 07462.

NEW YORK

ROCHESTER AREA

GWM 26 6'1" 180, blue/blond, seeks good looking tall executives, cops and firemen for friendship and possible relationship. No blacks, fats, fems or S/M. Send phone, photo to P.O. Box 67450, Rochester, NY 14617.

TALL ITAL/JEWISH BIG BROTHER

Do you remember your hunky feet (size 11+) serviced by your hot brother—WM, 30, 6'1", 185, very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Tony at (212) 675-7352, between 8 pm—12 mid., to meet for an explosive reunion and possibly more.

G/W/M VIRGIN

Brown/green 5'11", 155 lbs., 31", 23, looking for G/W/M 18-35 for good times. No drugs, no fats, no fems. Photo, phone (Plus) will answer all (Hurry). Write: Box Holder, P.O. Box 507, Vails Gate, NY 12584

GWM 33, 5'8"

150 lbs brown/brown seeks hairy or uncut men between 25 to 40, for good times, sex, possible relationship. Send letter and photo to: PO Box 1087, Elbridge, N.Y. 13060

ARAB, HISPANIC, ASIAN TOPMAN WANTED

I am seeking an Arab, Indian, Pakistani, Guyanese, Hispanic or similar type topman who wants to give sexual domination and or discipline by spankings, belts, punishment enemas. You should be dominant, have a desire to be a disciplinarian, serious man. Teach me to respect you. I am a white male 30's, trim, goodlooking. I will answer letters from anywhere. Write to: P.O. Box 431, R.H., NY 11418 U.S.A.

HAIRY MASTURBATOR, 31

Let's trade horny letters and dirty nude J/O photos. Into jockstraps, boxer shorts, cock rings, hairy chested studs. Mike, P.O. Box 5033, Utica, NY 13505.

ATTRACTIVE WM

6'1" 170 lbs. 35 married seeks good looking nice body 20's-30's married or not. Utica area. Good sex, possible relationship. Box 106, Yorkville, N.Y. 13495.

MWM 34

Is looking for a buddy. You should be closeted and looking for a real friend and true buddy. Married preferred but others considered who are willing to become a part of my life and develop a serious relationship. This could save our lives. I'm 5'11" 170 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair and in shape. I expect the same. Send detailed letter with photo if possible and a way to establish contact to P.O. Box "B", Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

NORTH CAROLINA

GWM 26 5'9" 170 LBS.

Honest, loving, seeking permanent relationship with GWM 35-50 who's dominant, healthy, loving, settled minded. Mark, P.O. Box 2231, Gastonia, NC 28053.

OHIO

ITALIAN STALLION

W/G/M, 29, dark, hairy, masculine hot 9 inch love tool ready to "meat" your every need! Tight ass and hot mouth ready to serve your love tool! Will travel. Joe Malaro, Box 969, Steubenville, OH 43952. Hot nude photo and phone gets mine.

OREGON

35 YR OLD DAD,

Needs son 20 or younger. Good looking and very hairy. Photo and phone gets mine. L.B., 1451 Salishan S.E., Salem, OR 97302

PENNSYLVANIA

SINCERE, LONELY, ATTRACTIVE

GWM (38, 150 lbs, beard, moustache) looking for others for friendship, possible relationship. P.O. Box 1683, Pittsburgh, PA 15230.

GWM 37 INVITES LETTERS AND VISITS

from masculine men traveling in South Central PA. Married, salesmen, truckers welcome. Hairy chests, giant balls a plus. Denny, 510 E. Main, Apt. A, Lititz, PA 17543.

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE GWM

18-29 to meet my every demanding need. TT, G&BT, extended B&D. Call to set interview. H.H. (617) 497-0651.

BLOND/BLUE, 145, LATE 20s

New to Philly area/lifestyle. Looking for friend, companion, teacher 24-40. No fats, s/m, drugs. Photo please. Box 11, NADC, Warminster, PA 18974

GWM, 21

Needs lasting relationship with caring GWM, 18-25 who is turned on by overweight guys. Box 424-H, Sunbury, PA 17801.

GETTYSBURG/ CHAMBERSBURG AREA

GWM 28, 5'10", 140, Br/Br, seeks GWM 25-35 for companionship/relationship. No fats/fems. PHOTO A MUST. P.O. Box 61, Blue Ridge Summit, PA 17214.

SOUTH CAROLINA

BWM PROFESSIONAL

Seeks same for sincere friendship. Likes sports, workouts, outdoors. Occupant, PO Box 168, Aiken, SC 29802

W/M WANTS BODYBUILDER

or muscular football-type to share first experience with. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. P.O. Box 42189, Columbia SC 29240.

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EL PASO, TEXAS

Lonely, 39, 5'11", 140 lb. bottom person. Like top person—fun, gentle, 35 plus. (915) 566-2204.

HANDSOME G/W/M 29

Weightlifter craves hairy, white, hung, masculine daddy to feed me his cock from both ends. Must have hairy chest, stomach, and nice cock. Will travel for right stud. All photos returned. Big Arms a plus. Dallas, Houston, Austin. Box 33411, Austin TX 78764

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Looking for hot times. Let's explore together. Can travel. Photo a plus. Write now to explore—Scott, 1111 Arlington Blvd. #409, Rosslyn, VA 22209.

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HOT 29 Y/O BI/W/M SINGLE

Seeks very hairy bearded/heavy mous man 30-42 for hot action. Prefer men 8" or more, married discreet men O.K. I'm 5'10" Dk. Brn. hair, green eyes, cut thick, and very hot. Send letter with photo (preferably nude) and I'll write back. I'd like my hairy fantasies to cum true. Write to: Larry P.O. Box 5125, Olympia, Washington 98503.

WEST VIRGINIA

LONELY G/W/M

Seeking friendship with kind, caring individual. Am 5'11", 25, 170 lbs., dark hair, blue eyes, affectionate. All sincere answered. Charlie Anderson, P.O. Box 4615, Charleston, WV 25364.

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Topman wanted, see New York section.

ORIENTAL, 30's

Wants discreet single or married man, 20-50's. Bob, #206, 339-10 Ave., S.E. Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2G-OW2.

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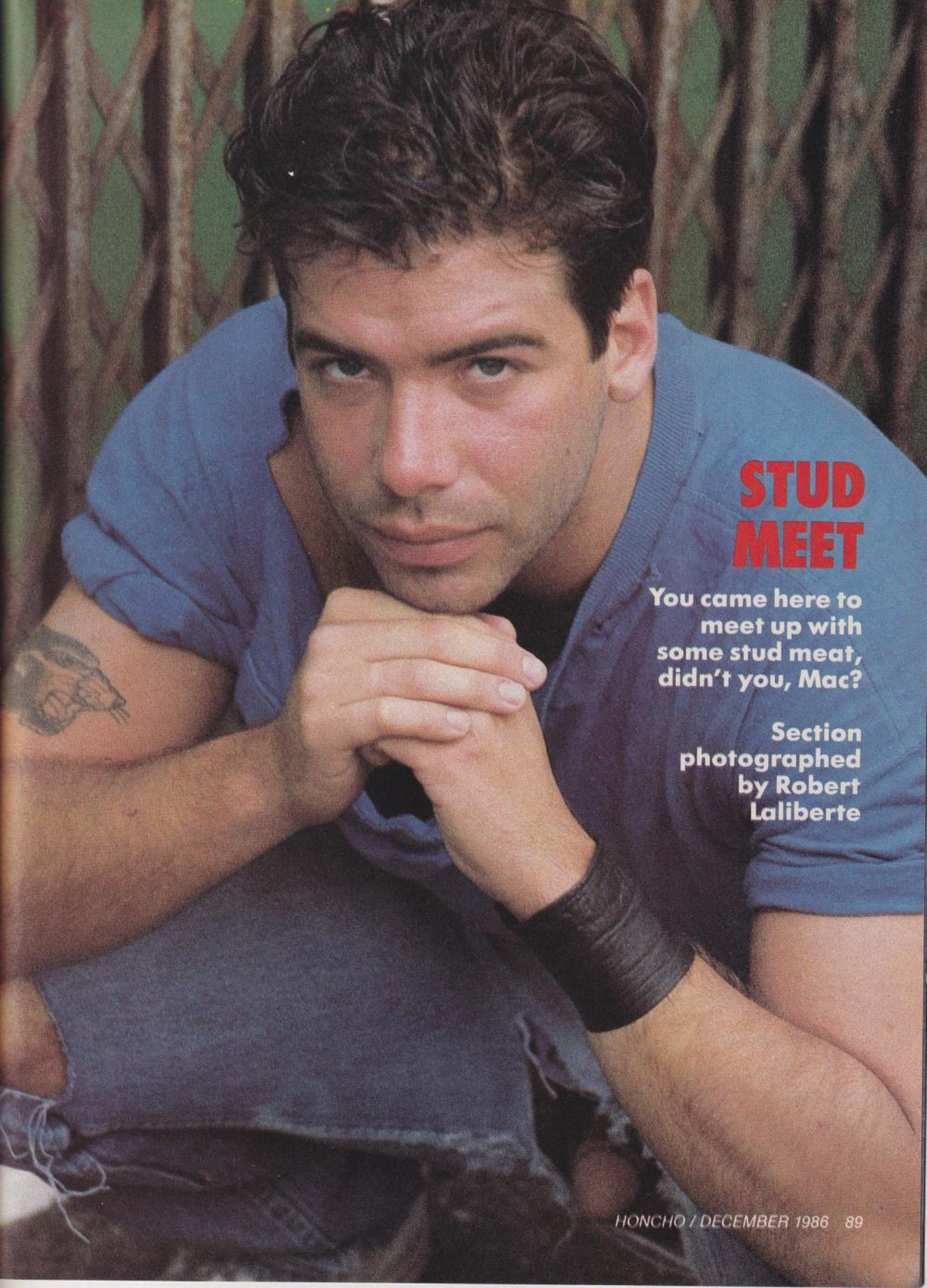
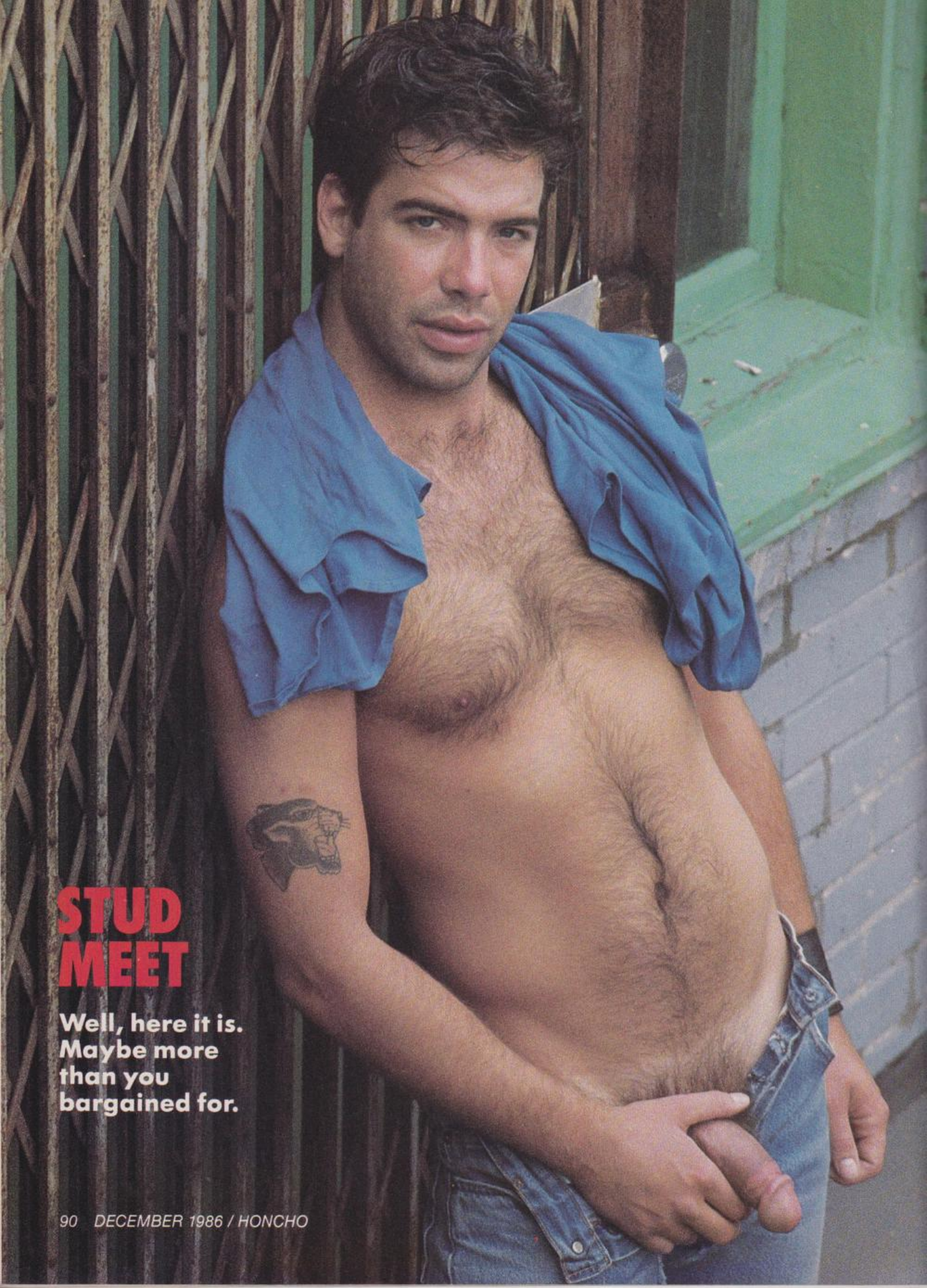


STUD MEET

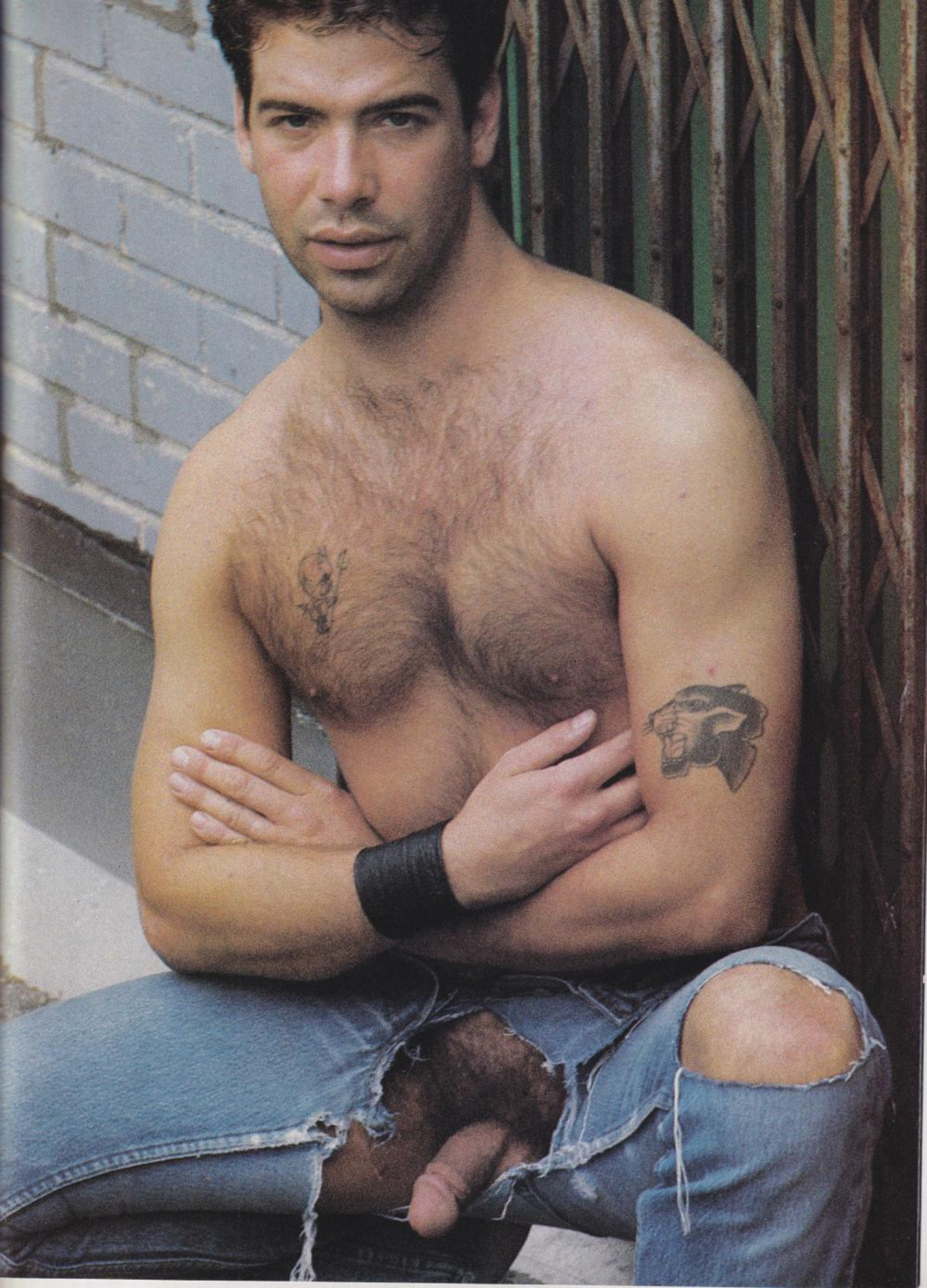
You came here to meet up with some stud meat, didn't you, Mac?

Section photographed by Robert Laliberte



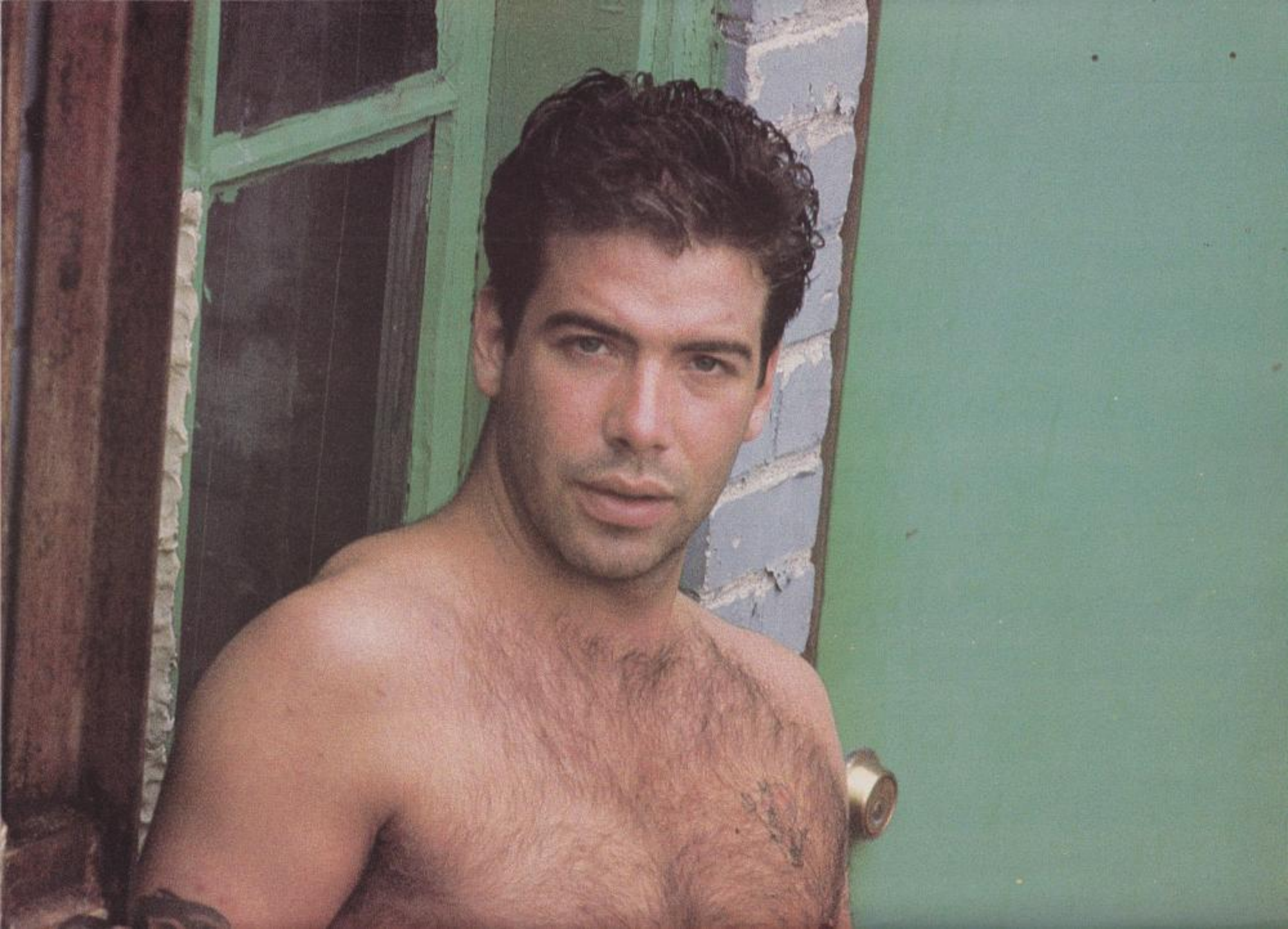
STUD MEET

Well, here it is. Maybe more than you bargained for.



STUD MEET

Think you can handle it? Grab *this* handle and find out. Yeah, I thought so. Stud, meet my stud meat!



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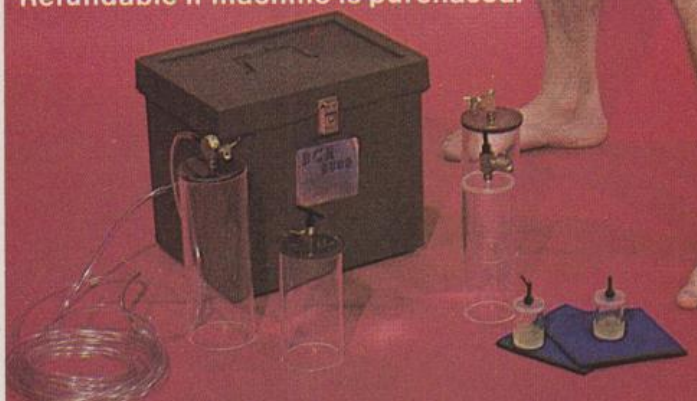

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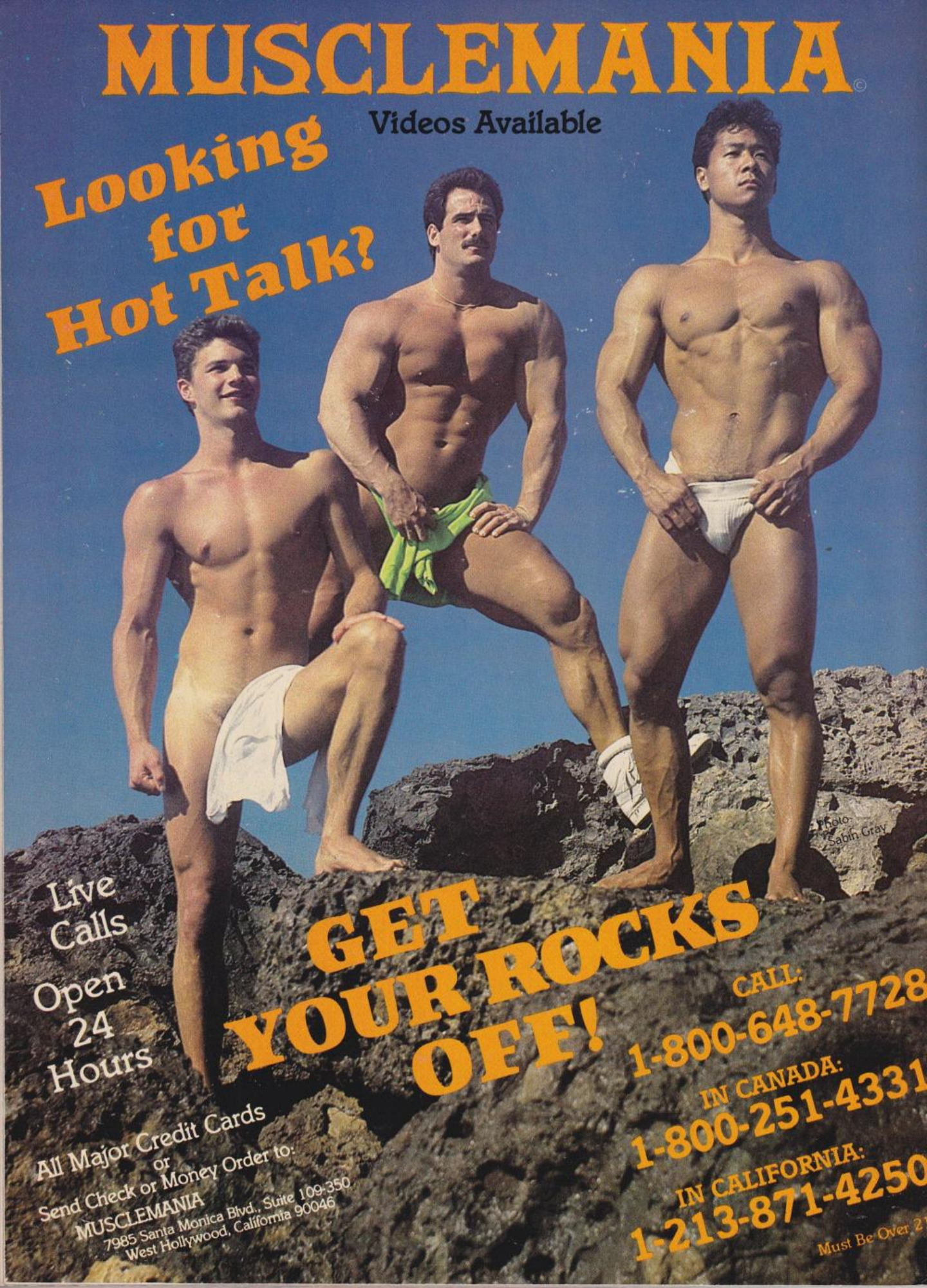

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